McKean County Miner.

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THE ALLEGED CAPITOL GRAFT CASES ON TRIAL

This Great Legal Battle Started on Monday at Harrisburg.

HUSTON TO BE TRIED SEPARATELY.

Defendants in Present Trial are John H. Sanderson, William P. Snyder, William L. Mathues and Jas. M. Shumaker—Huston to be State's Witness.

Trial of the first case against the Capitol grafters was started on Monday at Harrisburg. The defendants are Contractor John H. Sanderson, former Auditor General William P. Snyder, former State Treasurer William L. Mathues and former Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings James M. Shumaker. Architect Joseph M. Huston is also a defendant but on motion by counsel he is to be tried separately.

The defendants are charged in these suits with conspiracy to cheat and defraud the State out of $135,000 by falsifying the weight and measurement of certain furnishings supplied by Sanderson under his "per foot" and "per pound" contract with the Board of Grounds and Buildings. There are 27 cases in all against these and the other defendants named by the investigating committee.

It is reported that Architect Huston will turn State's evidence on the other alleged conspirators. While on the other hand it is claimed that the men now on trial will try to lay all the blame on the Architect.

A dispatch from Harrisburg dated Jan. 29, says: It was made clear to day that Architect Joseph M. Huston intends to protect himself at the expense of his former associates, who are now on trial for conspiracy to defraud the State, in connection with the building of the State Capitol.

In to-day's session of the trial of alleged graft cases, Roy Samuel C. Huston of Philadelphia, brother of Architect Joseph Huston, testified that during his brother's absence in Europe in the interest of the State, the witness was a clerk. Before Huston went away he left architect's certificates in blank with his name signed to them. Sanderson, who supplied the furniture of the Capitol, called at the office and secured from the witness a certificate which he said Snyder demanded before issuing a warrant for the payment of Sanderson's bill. The witness said Sanderson told him Shumaker would approve the bill, and that everything would be all right. On this assurance Huston gave the certificate to Sanderson.

This certificate is attached to a bill for furniture in the indictment in the suit now on trial. The Commonwealth will now try to prove that this furniture was contracted for under one item in Capitol furnishing schedule and paid for under another item in this schedule.

The Commonwealth produced the certificate.

"Were the words 'O. K., J. M. Huston' or 'goods received in good condition' on the certificate when you issued it?" asked Mr. Cunningham.

"I don't remember seeing them," said Mr. Huston.

Architect Huston, who has been subpoenaed as a witness by both prosecution and defense, was not in court today and is not expected to appear until he is called upon to testify. His attorneys, George S. Graham and A. S. L. Shields, were in court, making notes of the testimony affecting the interests of their client.

Former Governor Pennypacker has been subpoenaed by the defense and is now in this city awaiting a call to the witness stand.

The Commonwealth brought into court two sofas, a table and two clothes trees, supplied by Sanderson for the Capitol.

One of the sofas was measured and was shown to be six feet long. Sanderson billed this sofa to the State at 18 feet and was paid for it at the rate of $18.40 "per foot." The other sofa also measured six feet and was billed and paid for as containing 19½ feet. The table had been billed at $18.40 "per foot."

The clothes trees were billed as containing 1½ feet, at $18.40, and should have been furnished, the Commonwealth claims, for $5.55.

For Sale or Rent.

The farm of C. C. Wright on Cole Creek at Wright's Corners is for sale or rent with stock or without stock. For particulars call on or address. C. C. Wright, Farmers Valley, Pa., R. F. D. 1

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted—Salesmen and agents. Salary and commission. Write box 361 DuBois, Pa.

Death of Mrs. Judith C. Day.

Died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. F. Cory, Coryville, Pa., Mrs. Judith Celia Day, Friday afternoon, January 24th, shortly after three o'clock. Mrs. Day had been failing in health for several months, and for about two weeks before had been confined to her bed. During this illness, she was unconscious a greater part of the time and did not realize all the suffering she passed through.

The deceased was the daughter of Hon. Joseph and Mary (Brown) Otto, and was born in Farmers Valley, on what is now known as the Martin farm, February 26, 1820. She was married to Augustus Day in 1845. They moved to Union, Broome Co., N. Y., where they lived for several years and then returned to Farmers Valley, and moved on to a farm on Cole Creek. Afterwards purchased the farm in Farmers Valley, which Mrs. Day still owned at the time of her death, and where she had since made her home. Mr. Day died March 25, 1887.

Hon. and Mrs. Joseph Otto were among the first settlers in this part of the country, having come here from Mifflin county, Pa., in 1809. Mr. Otto built the first frame house, taught the first school and held the first office in this county. He was at one time county treasurer and made several trips to Philadelphia on horseback to transact business, also held the office of Associate Judge for sixteen consecutive years.

Mrs. Day is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mary Ann Curtis and Miss Ellen Otto, also an only son, Dr. D. B. Day, Ridgway, Pa., and four daughters, Mrs. B. F. Cory, Coryville, Pa., Mrs. Frank L. Soner, Jamestown, N. Y., Mrs. J. L. Oviatt, East Smethport, Pa., and Mrs. Jane D. Young, Smethport, Pa.

In the death of this estimable lady, the community loses one of its oldest citizens, one who will be mourned by all who knew her. She was of a sweet, lovable disposition, always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need, and always doing good.

The funeral services were held from the United Brethren church at Farmers Valley, of which she was a member, at 2 o'clock Sunday p. m., after a prayer at the residence of B. F. Cory in Coryville. The interment was in the Otto cemetery in Farmers Valley.

May Manufacture Toys.

E. B. Cuttel is in town endeavoring to interest local business men in the manufacture of several electrical devices of which he is the inventor.

He gave a demonstration of the workings of the articles, which are really toys designed for the amusement and instruction of boys and girls, at the Wright House one night this week, and the devices certainly look like novelties that will catch the public fancy. Several well known business men of Smethport, have interested themselves in the matter enough to hear Mr. Cuttel's proposals and figure upon the cost of manufacturing the toys. It is understood that some of them are of the opinion that it would be a favorable investment, as there are establishments in town where the articles could be made at a very reasonable cost.

One of the toys that is especially interesting is a small electric motor of surprising strength, capable of running enough machinery to delight the most exacting small boy, as well as giving him a very fair initiation into the mysteries of electricity.

Mr. Cuttel is a pleasant gentleman, who met with a most distressing adventure three years ago. While walking across unfamiliar country one night, near Camden, N. J., he lost his way in a storm and wandered about for hours until he became unconscious. When found the next morning his arms and legs were badly frozen, and the terrible experience cost him the loss of all his fingers and the toes from his left foot. However, in spite of this handicap he performs various kinds of work with his hands, almost as well as a person with the full allotment of fingers. His intentions are to make a thorough effort to manufacture his toys in Smethport and place them on the market, and it is certainly in the range of possibilities that his efforts will be successful.

Another Well.

The King Company brought in another new well on the Backus property on Saturday. They have all the wells piped up together and connected with the Allegany Window Company line, and when the factory is ready to do business it will have a certain sure supply during the winter or any other season. The Reporter has heretofore published the names of those gentlemen who kept putting money into this enterprise, and though they were unsuccessful from time to time were not discouraged. Let's take our hats off to them. They have other good property and will get a supply of gas for Port Allegany if it is in this section.—Reporter.

It depends on the pill you take. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills known for constipation and headache. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Fifty Years of Married Life.

The following account of a happening of interest to many people in Smethport and vicinity is taken from Monday night's Bradford Era: A very interesting event is being held this afternoon and evening, in the celebration by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lucore, 606 East Main street, of their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

The celebration takes the form of an all day and evening reception for which several hundred cards were issued.

On Jan. 26, 1858, at Smethport, Mr. Lucore was united in marriage to Miss T. Ormanda Beckwith of Keating township, of which place he was at that time a resident. The officiating clergyman was J. J. Roberts. Two of the three witnesses of the marriage are still living, Mrs. D. Beckwith (Catherine King) and Daniel Beckwith. Three children were born of this union, Lizzie, Ida and Earnest, the last named deceased.

Mr. Lucore was 74 years of age on the tenth of last December, having been born in Clearfield in 1833. Mrs. Lucore was born 69 years ago the 15th of last December at Clermont. She is a member of the local W. R. C."

Mr. Lucore is a member of the John J. Melvin Post, No. 141, G. A. R., and Encampment No. 7, Union Veteran Legion. Through the Civil war Mr. Lucore saw a great deal of active service, enlisting at Smethport as a private at the age of 28 years, in Company F, 1st Penn. Rifles, the famous Bucktails. He fought in the battles of Deninsville, Seven Days before Richmond, Second Bull Run and South Mountain and Antietam. After about two and one-half years' service he was stricken with paralysis one night while on picket duty near Mechanicsville.

He was granted a six months' furlough after which he rejoined his company, only to be honorably discharged on Jan. 23, 1864 for disability, for which he now draws a pension.

There are four generations of the Lucore family living in Bradford: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lucore, Mrs. A. N. Beckwith; their daughter; the latter's daughter, Mrs. William D. McIntyre, and Ida Frances, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre.

The house is beautifully and appropriately decorated in hemlock, the evergreen tree, which symbolizes perfectly the lives of this venerable couple. Two long tables are laid in different rooms and ample provision has been made for the satisfying of the inner man. Cards have been sent far and wide, one going to China.

The W. R. C., the G. A. R., the U. V. L. and Ladies of the Legion and members of the East End Methodist church were invited in a body. Some of the out-of-town guests are: Mrs. Ed DuBois and son, Muncie, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barber, Muncie, Ind.; Ed DuBois and M. DuBois, Boston, Mass.; M. Beckwith, Eldred; Earnest Beckwith, DuBois; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Beckwith, Neligh, Neb.; E. Beckwith, Alfred Centre; Charles Beckwith, Olean, N. Y., and Mrs. F. Beckwith, Mrs. Eliza Beckwith, Port Allegany; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Beckwith, Farmers Valley; Ransom Beckwith, Smethport; Mr. and Mrs. Joel Beckwith, Wilcox; Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Beckwith, Penfield, Pa.; J. Beckwith, Kansas; the Rev. Mr. Segwalt, Portville, N. Y.; William Ensign, D. Ensign, A. Ensign, Emporium; Mrs. L. Lucore, Emporium; Mr. and Mrs. Manry, Salamanca; Mrs. Hazel Tyler, Perry, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Myron Chandler, Perry, N. Y.; Mrs. O. Nearing, Wilcox, Pa.; the Rev. P. A. Crow, Randolph, N. Y.; Henry Cook, Farmers Valley; Mrs. N. Shinn, Mrs. B Rigsby, Balbec, Ind.; C. C. Williams, Rixford; J. Wasley, Sugar Grove; Mr. and Mrs. D. Stull, Farmers Valley; L. Stull, J. C. Stull, R. Stull, Glendora, Cal.; W. Hamaker, Port Dover, Can.; Mrs. Nora Martin, Glendora, Cal.; Mrs. Thomas Fee, Coudersport; Mr. and Mrs. E. Denning, Mr. and Mrs. A. Knapp, Port Allegany; Henry and Juliet Roeder, Farmers Valley; Sarah Snavely, Glendora, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steinhauer, Farmers Valley; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer, Smethport; Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Burt, Asher Burt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Starkweather, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Port Allegany; L. Lucore, Rufus Lucore, Penfield, Pa.; J. Lucore, DuBois; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lucore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lucore, Brockwayville; Mrs. Lavina Hewett, Mrs. L. Flanders, Mrs. Ella Bundy, Lawrence Bundy, Penfield, Pa.

Thousands of men and women — walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Haze Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

McKitty-Money Nuptials.

A Washington dispatch of January 28 says: Annoyed by the lengthy descriptions of the wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt to Count László Jánó Maria Henrik Simon Szechenyi, Representative Chas. McGavin of Illinois, popular bachelor of the Illinois delegation in the House, jumped to his feet during the session of the House to-day and delivered a scathing denunciation of "unions between American heiresses and alleged nobilities from abroad." Representative McGarvin minced no words in stating his views. He struck out straight from the shoulder and was interrupted with applause frequently on both sides of the chamber.

"As the House is in committee of the whole on the state of the Union," said Mr. McGavin, in beginning his "roast," "it may not be amiss to inquire as to what the state of the Union is, and to what it is coming in view of these international unions, which are of such frequent occurrence of late.

"In thinking of these numerous weddings, I wondered what the early pioneers, who battled with the Indians, challenged the winter winds and snows to establish a government where manhood might be recognized for its true value, instead of for the accident of birth, would say, if from their graves they could look back and see so many of the women of this country sacrificing their souls and hopes upon the altar of snobbery and vice?

"I am not going to make reference to the manner in which the fortunes of these heiresses have been founded, except that, in most cases, they were made by men who started out with meager means.

"Suffice it to say, in the language of Shakespeare, that 'tis a common proof that lowliness is young ambition's ladder, whereto the climber upwards turns his face; but when he once attains the upmost rung, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks in the skies, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.

"I have no reference to any particular girl, nor have I prejudice against all of these titled men, for some of them are worthy to grace any home; some of them have added to the honor of their names and to the glory of their country. I have reference only to those who have a monocle on their eye and an idiotic look upon their faces; those who have neither the disposition to be good nor the ability to do harm.

"A bill has been introduced in the House by one of my colleagues from Chicago to levy a tax upon all dowries and upon their titled husbands. I am not here to advocate the passage of that bill, nor to oppose it; but my curiosity has been aroused to know to what committee it might have been referred. The committee on foreign relations might do, or the committee on interstate and foreign commerce might also be appropriate. But, on further thought and examination, I found it had been very properly referred to the ways and means committee, inasmuch as it sought to levy a tax; and then I was more curious to know whether the present tariff schedule included dukes, lords and counts, and finding that these things were nowhere mentioned, I thought it might be proper for the customs office to classify them like frog legs, as poultry, for it is the general opinion among Americans that they are a species of geese.

"We, upon this side of the House, have in recent years referred triumphantly to the fact, as between nations, the balance of trade was in our favor, but nowhere in the summary can be found a reference to such trades as these, whose soiled and frayed nobility is exchanged for a few millions of dollars wrung from the lambs of Wall street, with a woman thrown in to boot.

"Every day seems to be a bargain day in the great city of New York, whether it be for a yard of ribbon or a pound of flesh, whether it be upon the retail counter of Broadway or the auction block of Fifth avenue.

"There was a time when wealthy Americans traveling in Europe were content with buying costly fabrics and paintings of 'old masters,' of whom they knew nothing, but now they buy something even more costly, but less valuable, so, when the wealthy girls, traveling with their parents abroad, see some remnant of royalty, they enthusiastically exclaim, 'Oh, mamma, buy me that!'

"An interpeter is secured, the bargain is made, and the money is produced and the girl is gone, soon to return, a sadder, but wiser, woman.

"I recently saw a play in Chicago in which the leading man, who acted the role of an Indiana lawyer, who happened to be abroad looking after some wards, and who was subjected to the sneers of some of the leisure class who sat by, was asked by a gentleman nobleman from another country if there was any leisure class in America. The lawyer very appropriately replied: 'No; if anybody gets anything for nothing over in our country he has got to show at least energy enough to steal it.'

"While I have engaged in some criticism of these particular women who have made a mockery of the most sacred relations of life, I want to say one word in tribute to the true American woman, who spurns the wiles of earls, lords and counts for the love of His Majesty, an American citizen."

An Important Decision.

A decided victory was won recently by the seceding cutters and flatteners of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America when Judge Phillips rendered a decision dissolving the union and appointing a receiver to divide the money among all branches of the trade.

The suit was brought last fall by the cutters and flatteners. The defendants were the blowers and gatherers. The former said they were in the minority in the association and because of this were being descriminated against by the officers. They wanted the union dissolved that they might start another.

Judge Phillips scored the Union as being an illegal organization in restraint of employment. He described it as a labor trust. But in doing this he did not score unions in general. He said he believed in them as a public good and a necessity.

The funds of the union were said to have been over $100,000 shortly before the suit was brought. When it was filed it is alleged there was but $35,000 left and now only about $10,000. This sum will be divided pro rata among the contributors after all valid obligations of the union are paid. An injunction against the officers was granted and a receiver will be appointed to handle the funds. The blowers and gatherers through their attorneys filed an exception and general notice of appeal. An appeal bond of $100 was given.

A final decision of the long-fought battle will mean employment for thousands of glassworkers whom the fight has kept from working. The plants throughout the country are ready to open, but none can do so until the fight is settled. President Faulkner of the union would say nothing as to the organization's future movements. It is expected that the cutters and flatteners will affiliate with another association or start a union of their own.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bucktail Monument.

April 27, 1908, will be a big day in the history of Driftwood, Cameron county. It will be the 47th anniversary of the departure of the famous Bucktail regiment from Driftwood, and dedication of the monument to the Bucktail regiment, which has just been completed and is a fine piece of work. The figure surmounting the stonework was made from an old cannon used in the battle of Gettysburg and represents the Bucktails in their garb at the time they left their native haunts for the front. The date of the dedication is also the birthday of General Grant. The annual reunion of the Bucktails will be held on that date and also on April 28. The committee is endeavoring to secure the presence of a total very prominent persons. A large number of invitations will be issued and the biggest event in the history of the county is promised. Miss Margaret Kirk, a granddaughter of Corporal F. F. Kirk, will on that occasion recite an original poem by Frank L. Beeby, of Kennett Square, after which Miss Margaret Feurer of Philadelphia, a niece of Sergeant W. H. Rauch, will unveil the monument. The committee selected Congressman Chas. F. Barclay to accept the monument on behalf of the Bucktails and the citizens of Cameron county.

Killed as He Knelt to Pray.

While kneeling in prayer on Saturday night, W. H. Pleasaugh, bookkeeper for the chemical company of Sheffield, Warren county, was shot through the neck and died in a few minutes. His home was near where a party of foreigners were celebrating a wedding, part of the jollification being in firing off revolvers, a bullet from one of the weapons breaking the glass in the Pleasaugh home and entered the front of his neck severing the wind pipe.

The deceased is survived by his wife, two children and his aged mother. He was a brother-in-law of Dr. R. L. Armstrong, Prohibition candidate for mayor of Franklin.—Bradford Era.

The men who were celebrating the Slavish wedding on Saturday evening were given a hearing on Monday before Justice Borden, but as no direct evidence could be produced as to the one who fired the shot which killed Mr. Pleasaugh, the entire bunch were fined $10 each and costs on a charge of disorderly conduct. A further effort will be made, however, to ascertain which one fired the fatal shot.

Carload of Salt Received.

Geo. W. King of East Smethport announces that he has just received a carload of Colonial Salt, dairy and table grades, and course and fine salt in barrels. 8w

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died at her residence in this borough on Thursday morning, March 15, 1888, Mrs. Dolly Lemmler, wife of Charles Lemmler, Esq., aged 84 years and 10 months. Mrs. Lemmler was the daughter of the late Philetus Gallup, of Keating township. Her mother, Laura Ann Gallup, who survives her, is a daughter of the late Hon. Jonathan Colegrove and sister of W. J. Colegrove of this place. She was married to Mr. Lemmler in January, 1823. They had one child which died in infancy. Mrs. Lemmler was a lovely woman and her death is sincerely mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. The funeral will take place at the Methodist church, of which she was a devoted member, on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. The remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. The deceased has been in ill health for some time past, but not until two weeks ago was she compelled to take to her bed, from which she never arose. A post mortem examination held on Thursday afternoon by Dr. Brown, assisted by Dr. Sharp, revealed the fact that death resulted from cancer, located between the stomach and bowels.

On Wednesday, March 7, 1888, L. W. Dunn, the efficient superintendent of the Smethport Gas Co., met with a serious accident, which has confined him to his house ever since. After having been out on a tour of inspection to the Gallup well he started for home, and in descending a hill he slipped and fell, striking heavily on the right side of his head and shoulder. How long he remained on the ground after he fell is not known, as he was rendered unconscious. When he recovered consciousness he was benumbed with cold, but he managed, by great effort, to reach the residence of John Clisbey, where he got warm and had the wound on his head dressed so that he was able to resume his journey home, which he reached in an exhausted condition. At times his condition has been precarious, but at last accounts he was more comfortable, and his friends will join with us in the hope that he may soon entirely recover from his injuries and resume his accustomed place among us.

Stickles.—At her residence in East Smethport, on Thursday morning, Mar. 15, 1888, Mrs. Flora Estella Stickles, wife of Berg Stickles, aged 30 years. The funeral of Mrs. Stickles will be held at the Episcopal chapel in East Smethport, on Saturday afternoon next at two o'clock.

Ella, wife of David McCarty of this place, died on Monday, March 19, 1888, of consumption. The funeral was held on Wednesday, and the remains were laid at rest in the Catholic cemetery.

At Olean, N. Y., Saturday afternoon, March 24, 1888, Rev. Rutger Dox pronounced the words that united Charles E. Bush and Miss Alice J. Brondheent, both of this place, man and wife. The happy young couple have the best wishes of their numerous friends that their journey through life may be a pleasant one.

Little Johnnie, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tracy, died on Tuesday afternoon, April 3, 1888, of spinal meningetis. The funeral was held at the Catholic church Thursday afternoon and the remains laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Michael McElnee died at his residence in Keating township on Saturday, March 31, 1888. We have not the particulars of the illness preceding his death excepting that it was of brief duration. He was in town the day before, apparently as well as ever. He was about 45 years of age.

McQuone.—At her residence in Keating township on Sunday morning, April 15, 1888, at ten minutes before three o'clock, of consumption, Mrs. Almena P. McQuone, wife of Tarney McQuone, Esq., aged 41 years. Mrs. McQuone was the third daughter of William Ripley, deceased, and Mrs. Cynthia Ripley, who now lives with the family of M. L. Armstrong, Esq., in this place. Mrs. McQuone leaves besides a husband and three young children a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their great loss. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Chandler officiating. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

Michael Griffin and Miss Euphema Boyer were married on Monday, April 9, 1888, at the Catholic church by Rev. Father Gallagan.

Weiss-Lehman.—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 1st, 1888, by Rev. Dr. Erhn, Mr. L. Weiss of Smethport and Miss Bertha Lehman of Bradford.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pinoles for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Double Elopement.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Hester Blake finished sweeping the snow from her front porch and then looked dubiously at the huge drifts lying across the road and the slaty sky above.

"They won't come," she assured herself. "Cousin Emma 'll never venture out such a day as this. It'll be the first Christmas I've ever spent alone." She sighed unconsciously as she re-entered the silent house.

Mrs. Blake lived in the outskirts of the village of Clifton. She kept a boy to do the chores, had a cow and chickens and lived in a comfortable way on a tiny income. She was "Aunt Hester" to all the young people of her acquaintance, which was considerable, for she was popular, this worn woman of fifty. Her sad blue eyes and faded brown hair had a compelling charm even under the rusty black hat which she wore in winter and summer alike, and when she smiled your heart went out to her. You could have told her your most intimate troubles, sure of a tender understanding and sympathy and that the confidence would go no further.

The bright, shiny little kitchen had the incipient smells of good things for dinner in it, and Mrs. Blake set to adding yet another savory odor.

"Might as well finish getting the dinner now I've started it," ran on her low monotone. She talked to herself for company. "Mercy me, sleigh bells!" hastily opening the door. "Charlie Brock and Elvie Lee, of all people! Hurry in and I'll get you some hot coffee. It'll heat you up. Why, Elvie, what was your father thinking of to let you ride out in such weather?"

"Father doesn't know anything about it," faltered Elvie miserably.

Mrs. Blake's glance went from one to the other as she poured the steaming coffee. There were little humorous, indulgent creases in her face. "You're running away," she said.

Elvira hung her head and began to cry.

"Don't scold her, Aunt Hester," burst out Charlie. "It wasn't her fault. I asked her to go."

"Well, what's she crying about?" questioned Mrs. Blake severely. "Didn't she consent, or did you carry her away by force, Charlie?"

"Of course he didn't," protested Elvira. "I said I'd go, but I wish I hadn't. I was sorry right after we'd started, and I—I made Charlie stop here instead of going to the minister's. I ought to go back home. I know father 'll be worried." And her lip began to quiver again.

"Well, he won't be worried long," said Charlie, turning from the window. "He's coming down the road now."

Elvira sprang to her feet.

"Don't let him come in, Aunt Hester!" she cried excitedly. "He'll be mad at Charlie."

"Let him!" fiercely from Charlie. "I don't know's I care."

"Don't say anything hateful to him," pleaded the girl piteously, "will you, Charlie?"

"Don't worry, Elvie," replied the boy soothingly. "I won't hurt him."

"I didn't mean that!" cried Elvie, trembling and clinging to him. "I don't want him to hurt you!"

"Would you care, Elvie?"

Elvira sobbed hysterically, her face against his coat.

"Of course I'd care"—in muffled tones—"you know I'd care."

Meanwhile Mrs. Blake watched the floundering horse far down the road.

"He'll be here directly," she warned. "You'd better get ahead of him."

But Elvie shrank back.

"I don't want to run away," she wailed, still clinging to her lover.

Over her head Charlie looked with despairing eyes at the older woman. With swift determination to help him, she took the girl's trembling hands in hers. "Elvie," she demanded, "do you love Charlie Brock?"

"Of course I do," answered Elvie, looking at her in surprise.

"Well, then, I don't know's I ought to advise it, but your mother's dead, and your pa'll never let you marry Charlie, because he's too poor, but that's no reason for separatin' young hearts. You've both got love and health and strength, and, Elvie, you're twenty-four and ought to know your own mind, and if you love Charlie and ain't got the courage to stand up in front of the minister, why, just stay here and let your father take you back home. But if you want to marry him you'll go now and have the words said before your father can pull his horse out of the drift, and I'll get my wraps and go with you."

As she disappeared into the adjoining room Elvie looked up into her lover's face. "I'll do it, Charlie," she whispered. "Aunt Hester's right. She always is. I'll go—wherever you go."

"On second thoughts I've determined to stay and have it out with the squire," said Mrs. Blake as she hustled the young people out to the cutter and wrapped a warm rug around the trembling girl. "Don't worry, Elvie. I'll make it all right with your father. Mind you come straight back here for your dinner," she urged smilingly as they drove rapidly away.

But when Elvira's father faced her at her own fireside a few minutes later there was no smile on her tired face.

"Yes, I helped them," she said defiantly, breaking the silence of thirty years.

"It wasn't your business," Squire Lee blustered, but she stopped him with quiet dignity.

"Yes, it was, Samuel. It was my business not to let Elvira spoil her life as you spoiled yours, for you ain't been happy any more'n I have. I ain't sayin' that Elvie's mother wa'n't a good woman, but the Lord makes two people for each other and puts them into this world to meet and marry and die together, and if they go against his plan [illegible]

He started eagerly to speak, but she went on rapidly.

"I didn't have enough money for you, and you shilly shallied between me and Lida and finally married her without sayin' a word to me, and so at last I married Isaac. He was a good husband." A sudden impulse of loyalty toward the dead surged within her.

"Hetty," a joyous warmth breaking into the squire's voice—"Hetty, you said—you said 'any more'n you were.' Do you mean that you've cared, too, all these years? Have you, Hetty?" with compelling eyes on hers.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I've cared. And there hasn't been a day in all these years when I've seen you growing harder and harder that I ain't said to myself, 'He'd been different if he'd married the woman he loved.' Elvie's just like you. She'd keep Charlie off and on, and some day she'd go and marry somebody else and be miserable."

"I didn't mean her to be miserable," the squire stammered slowly. A great wonder held him fast. Was this the quiet, self repressed woman who all these years had sat across the aisle from him every Sunday morning in church, this slender, vibrant creature trembling in the might of her demand for happiness for his motherless girl? Was this the woman whom he had believed without feeling?

"Hetty!" he cried and held out his hand.

She took it and stood looking sadly up at him.

"Hetty, I didn't think you cared in that way. I thought you hated me for the way I'd treated you after goin' with you for two years. I never thought you missed me as I've missed you all these years. I'd give them all only to live over the two happy years when we kept company. How different"—

"You've remembered!" the widow cried, and her voice shook. [illegible] "I'm very lonesome here, Samuel, but I won't be any more when I know you've remembered. Now go out and put up your horse. Tommy's away for the holidays, and I'm all alone. The young folks are comin' back here for dinner, and you must join us, sociable like, and forgive them for runnin' away."

"Hetty," pleaded the squire, the light of determination in his eyes, "let's run away too! My home is better'n Charlie's. We'll get to the parsonage most as quick as they do. Here, put on your wraps!" he commanded.

"No, no, Samuel"—her face flaming—"not after the way I talked. It looks as though I was huntin' "—

"We've wasted altogether too much time already, Hetty. Put this scarf over your ears. It's too cold for a bunnit."

"Oh, Samuel, we're too old to be so foolish!" she faltered.

"We're not too old to love," he assured her as he tied on the scarf.

Happiness.

Many people go through life dissatisfied and unhappy because they do not have what their neighbors have. They allow themselves to be constantly nettled by comparing themselves with others better off.

Now, about as poor business as one can engage in is to go through life with one's eyes so fixed upon what others have that he cannot enjoy his own.

Everywhere we see prosperous people who are making a great deal of money, and yet they are dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy, restless. They rove about from place to place, trying to find pleasure in this thing or that, but always disappointed. They think if they could only get somewhere else than where they are, do something else than what they are doing, if they could only go abroad, travel over different countries in a touring car or in an automobile, they would be happy. Their eyes are always focused upon something in dreamland instead of something in the land of reality.

They mistake the very nature of happiness. They put the emphasis on the wrong things.

The secret of happiness is not in your fortune, but in your heart. It does not consist of having, but in being. It is a condition of mind.—Success Magazine.

Very Neighborly.

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Nagg with icy politeness to her next door neighbor. "Would you mind not looking out when my visitors are passing? It makes the place look vulgar."

"Thought they were brokers' men," replied Mrs. Snapp pleasantly. "You and your sister, or charwoman, or whatever she is, are not the kind that men visitors run after much, are you?"

"Better than some people whose husbins have run away from them," observed her neighbor.

"What do you mean, ma'am?"

"I name no names; their 'usbins may be in prison or they may not. Ave you seen my doormat, by the bye? I missed it yesterday."

"When I become a thief, ma'am, I'll steal something that's clean."

"Well, I must go," said Mrs. Nagg cordially. "I wish I could stop, but I've got to call on a lady."

"And so, of course, you feel awkward. Going to ask for a place as cook, perhaps. Well, I shan't keep you, ma'am. Good evening!"—London Scraps.

To Her Credit.

Miss Diggs—Yes, he said you didn't show your age—

Miss Passay—The idea! The impudence of him—

Miss Diggs—Why, I'd call that a compliment. It simply proves how skillful you've been in concealing it.—Philadelphia Press.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

[illegible]

Impossibility of Keeping Awake In Rising Across Gobi.

Hitherto I have thought that traveling by carts over stony roads and staying in Chinese inns at night was the hardest thing a foreigner traveling in China was called upon to endure, but since I have traveled with a caravan of camels I have changed my opinion. The monotony of the desert by day and the bed of camel's saddle at night, the evil smell of camels and the slow hum of their drivers and the acrid choking of the little fire on which one's food is cooked—none of these things is so trying to the foreigners as the sleepiness which attacks one in this high region. This to me was a real torture. Traveling the cold night with no other company than dull Chinese, who seem to sleep while walking alongside the camels or while sitting on their backs and being weighed down by heavy sleepiness, is the worst thing I have endured.

You sit on your horse and, in spite of deep efforts, fall asleep. Presently you wake up and find yourself on the ground, with your horse standing bewildered at your side, wondering whether you are alive or dead. Then you try to keep yourself awake by walking and talking a bit to the camel drivers, but you soon find that they are just as sleepy as yourself. A few words are exchanged, and then you are too tired to open your mouth to talk or even to think of anything but sleep, sweet sleep. Oh, for just a few minutes there at the roadside in the soft sand! But, no; you must go on and fight against this desire. It is too dangerous to sleep by the roadside on the ground. The caravan cannot wait and your servant would not watch over you. He would soon fall asleep like yourself. The wolves would then have an easy time.

Yet in spite of all this reasoning you feel as if you were drawn to the ground by the power of a thousand strong magnets and soon yield to sleep again. Suddenly your watchful horse whose reins you have kept slung around your neck—this is a wise thing to do—pulls up, starts and jerks you wide awake. You jump up, not knowing where you are for some seconds, but you see your horse trembling and realize that danger is near.

For a few minutes you are fully awake and feel glad and refreshed. You jump on your horse and catch up with the caravan, which has gone a few li (a li is 654 yards) ahead.

After another ten li or so sleep creeps on, again like a huge boa constrictor embracing you in its irresistible grasp. The same fight has then to be fought over again. Then at last the caravan arrives at the halting place for the night.—North China News.

CORSICAN CUSTOMS.

Curious Observances Connected With Death and Burial.

When a Corsican woman dies she is always buried in a new costume, which sometimes with the poorer classes [illegible] and as the heat of the climate renders burial imperative within twenty-four hours the new gown is generally commenced directly the dying person's illness assumes a serious form.

Corsicans reverence the dead, and a feature in a funeral is the "improvisatores"—women whose business it is to improvise prose poetry to the mourners. Often this improvising is wonderfully beautiful and breathes the true feeling of sorrow.

The "death hunters" attend funerals and afterward wrestle with the mourners. If a relative of the deceased gets the better in the combat it is assumed that his affection for the departed relative was absolutely genuine.

When the corpse leaves the house the women gather at an upper window and, tearing out handfuls of their hair, throw it on the coffin. The rich hire women mourners, who scratch their faces and are paid in proportion to the injuries they inflict on themselves in their paroxysms of grief.

A Corsican widow wears a strip of black material tied on her eyes for a week, and during that period she is fed and led about by her friends. No room in her house is cleaned and no fire lighted for the same period.

In the cemeteries is a succession of little buildings with flat roofs and high openings. These are the tombs, and inside them are rich hangings, flowers, poetry and lamps, which the mourners place there in remembrance of the departed.

Quaint Market Custom.

There exists at Totnes market a custom which is believed to be without parallel in the history of markets. A dealer chalks up the price he gives for butter and eggs on a stall, and all the other dealers pay the same. This system has gone on, and surprisingly little friction has resulted. Some time ago an attempt was made to break down the custom and induce producers to stand in the market and make the best price they could. It was, however, short lived, and the old system was reverted to.—St. James' Gazette.

A Joker.

The Congressman (sternly)—You seem to forget, madam, that there is such a word as "obey" in a marriage contract.

The Congressman's Wife—Is there? Why, isn't it funny how jokers do creep into things?—Puck.

The Skinflint.

"You are too hard on Mr. Skinflint. You should treat him with more of the milk of human kindness."

"He'd churn it into butter and sell it if I did."

Precaution is better than repentance. —Greek Proverb.

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Force of Habit.

A physician started a model insane asylum and set apart one ward especially for crazy motorists and chauffeurs. Taking a friend through the building, he pointed out with particular pride the automobile ward and called attention to its elegant furnishings and equipment.

"But," said the friend, "the place is empty. I don't see any patients."

"Oh, they are all under the cots fixing the slats."

HOME.

But where to find that happiest spot below—
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet perhaps if countries we compare
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

—Goldsmith.

Just Think of It!

When the congressman and his wife left the train at Washington on their return from Baltimore his wife discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train! And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Phrases Explained.

"Pity is akin to love." And a mighty poor relation.

"Every man has his price." Excepting always those who give themselves away.

"A complication of diseases." What a man dies of when the doctors don't know.

"Riches have wings." But the millionaires' sons usually open the cage doors.

"Ignorance is bliss." It must be, judging from the happy expressions of the majority.

"Love laughs at locksmiths." With a milliner, grocer and iceman, however, he is usually serious.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," or does it only seem so because we have less chance to get well acquainted with it?—Lippincott's.

The Meekest Man.

"Which of you children can tell me who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday school teacher.

None of them raised a hand. Finally little Johnny Fizzleton raised his hand above his curly head.

"There," said the teacher, "you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves. You great big boys have been coming to Sunday school for months and months, and here is little Johnny Fizzleton, poor little fellow, he never has had any advantages and has only been coming to Sunday school for the past two weeks, and yet he knows more about the Bible than all the rest of you. I become perfectly discouraged when I think of it. I come here every Sunday and toil for you, and yet you can't answer so simple a question as what is the name of the meekest man in the Bible. Just look at little Johnny there, holding up his hand while you hang your heads. You're a good little boy, Johnny, and your teacher is proud of you. Now speak up good and loud and tell these great big boys who was the meekest man. Speak up, Johnny."

"Please, ma'am, may I go out?"

Not Up to Papa's Expectations.

Little Betty had been playing quietly on the porch one afternoon unnoticed by her father and a friend, who were discussing the recent panic. When the guest had gone and bedtime had come, Betty knelt to say her prayers. A pause followed the usual petitions in behalf of "papa an' mamma an' Aunt Mary an' Uncle Tom an' Rover an' Bridget." Finally, with great earnestness, she resumed:

"An' now, God, please take great care of yourself, 'cause if anything should happen to you we'd only have Mr. Roosevelt, and he hasn't come up to papa's expectations."—Everybody's.

A Woman's Reason.

Peter Penson was not only very much in love with Miss Mabel Wentworth, but very anxious to tell her so. He had met her at a seaside resort, and the time and the place and the extraordinary beauty of the young lady had done their fatal work. But though he had called several times, he had never found her alone. It therefore became necessary for him to adopt an expedient and one which would cost as little as possible, for Peter Penson was extremely cautious in expenditure. Miss Mabel's home was not far from the park. What could be more effective for his purpose than a walk in that verdant locality?

"Will you," he managed to whisper one evening, "take a walk with me in the park tomorrow afternoon? There was something I wanted to say to you and"—

"Can't you say it here?"

"Hardly. We may be interrupted at any moment."

"I tell you what," she said. "Let us take luncheon at the Switzerland. It's quite proper, you know. And then we might go to the matinee. Let's see. I should so like to see 'The Bird's Nest.' They say it's fine. You can talk to me between the acts."

"But others would hear us."

"Very well, then. We might walk through the park. It will be dusk by that time. And, oh, Mr. Penson, pardon me for speaking of it, but it might rain, in which case I should prefer an electric cab."

Peter that night prayed that it would be pleasant the next day. But, alas, Providence was not with him. How it rained! Promptly at 12 he and his electric cab were at Mabel's house. In twenty minutes more they were seated in the front window of the Switzerland Restaurant. Miss Mabel took up the card, and before Peter had time to breathe she had ordered nearly $20 worth of unsubstantial food. He paid the bill, however, and off to the matinee they went. Still it rained.

"I am afraid," said Peter as they came out, "that we can't have that walk in the park."

"What's the matter with the cab?"

"You are right."

They entered the cab. He turned to her.

"Mabel, dear," he said, "I love you. Will you be mine?"

Mabel did not reply till the cab was almost at her door.

"I am sorry, but I never can be yours. Believe me, it is impossible. Say no more about it."

The cab stopped. They both got out. Peter paid the driver and walked up the steps.

"Why won't you have me?" he asked.

"Because, Peter, you are altogether too extravagant."—Lippincott's.

A Poem of the Moment.

One day an acquaintance of Eugene Field's boyhood, a tall, gangling looking Missourian, came into the author's newspaper office and made himself known. After cordial greetings and a few moments of conversation Mr. Field clapped his hand to his brow, assumed a wild expression and, speaking sharply to his roommate as if he were an amanuensis, said, "Take this poem down."

The amanuensis cleared the deck of his desk for action, and Mr. Field began to dictate a poem. It was a beautiful little lyric upon which he had devoted weeks of painstaking work, but he reeled it off as if it had just popped into his mind and, to increase the wonderment in the mind of his guest, turned two or three times in the course of the dictation and chatted with him about their boyhood frolics. The eyes of the Missourian stood out in amazement as at the close of the dictation the amanuensis read the charmingly finished poem, and Mr. Field, in a tone of command, said:

"Send it up to the printer. Have it put in tomorrow morning's paper."

The next morning the Missourian, proud of his acquaintance with so wonderful a man as Mr. Field had shown himself to be, read the poem and set out to tell everybody who would listen how an inspired genius writes poetry.

An Easy Job.

A man living in a New England village lost a horse and went down to the public square and offered a reward of $5 to whoever could bring him back.

A half witted fellow volunteered to find the horse, and, sure enough, he returned in half an hour leading him by his bridle. The owner on passing the $5 to him asked:

"Tell me, how did you find the horse?"

"Wal, I thought to myself where would I go if I was a hoss, and I went there, and he had."—Everybody's.

Her Revenge.

A woman entered a railway train and happened to take a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her, which some of the passengers must have heard.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet from the back of my chair?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Us Royalties."

One day while on a hunt with a number of royal guests the old kaiser grew tired and decided to go home quietly. Two of his guests, noticing this, accompanied him. They had walked along the road some distance when a farmer with his wagon overtook them. One of the gentlemen asked him to take them along. The farmer consented, and the three climbed into the wagon.

Curiosity soon got the better of the countryman, and turning to one of the gentlemen he asked:

"And who might you be?"

"I am the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg."

"Good!" cried the farmer, laughing. And turning to the second gentleman he asked, "And who are you?"

"I am the king of Saxony."

"Why, this is getting better," said the farmer. Finally he turned to the third.

"Well, and who are you?"

"I am William, emperor of Germany."

"Well, this beats all!" said the countryman. "And now let me introduce myself. I am Frederick the Great! And now get along," he said, hitting his horse. "You must prance a little in honor of us royalties!"

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readily seen that the job of cracking this safe would be a discouraging one to a burglar under the most favorable conditions. The door has been sent to the factory for repairs, and the Hamlin Bank & Trust company continues to do business at the old stand, as it did all through the operations attending the opening of the safe.

—Dainty Edith Warren, as "The Girl" in the charming romance "The Girl of the Sunny South" which comes to the Lyceum next Tuesday night, February 4th, has a splendid vehicle for her winsome personality. The introduction of her bright specialties, assisted by the famous Cotton Blossom Quartette, adds to the charm of this really clever play. The scenic investiture is thoroughly adequate and include many novel specimens of the artistic art. The play has a very ingenious plot which thrills and delights the onlooker and holds the attention to the final tableau.

He Approved That Plan.

It was said in the Norton family that Uncle Hiram had no ear for music, as he failed to appreciate the vocal efforts of his niece Margaret. But if his ears were defective his pocketbook left nothing to be desired.

"We've been talking over Margaret's voice," said a dauntless and tactful relative who had been delegated to approach Uncle Hiram on the subject. "It really seems as if she ought to take lessons and practice regularly. Her mother talks of selling a little of her mining stock for Margaret's sake."

Uncle Hiram's keen old face wore a mutinous expression.

"Have to practice two, three hours a day, I suppose?" he said dully.

"Oh, yes," said the venturesome relative. Then she had a sudden inspiration.

"It would be best of all if she could go abroad for two or three years," she murmured thoughtfully, "but of course that is out of the question, the expense"—

"Never you mind about the expense!" broke in Uncle Hiram joyfully. "If she can go abroad—a good long ways abroad—to take her lessons and do her practicing I'll foot the expense."—Youth's Companion.

French Schools.

The quality of the secular instruction in the French schools seemed to me extraordinarily high. It happened, for example, that I was taken into a classroom where a lesson in English was being given to some French boys of sixteen, mostly the sons of operatives. The exercise was conducted in excellent English, which the pupils seemed to speak almost as readily as the teacher, and the point under discussion when I visited the class was one which would have puzzled Harvard freshmen. It was the distinction in meaning between the words priest—a Catholic ecclesiastic, clergyman—an Anglican, and minister—a dissenter. In American schools, or, rather, in the results of the instruction there afforded, I have never come across the teaching of any foreign language which compared in efficiency with the teaching of English in secondary schools throughout France. And to all appearances this was only one example of the thoroughness and the vitality of French teaching in all its branches.—Barrett Wendell in "France of To-day."

Chinese Sarcasm.

Once in a while you meet a common Chinaman who has some of the native wit of his country. One such has a laundry in Lexington avenue, not far from Twenty-third street. The other day I heard him yell at a recalcitrant customer: "You no pay? Then you paper tiger!" I asked what he meant by a "paper tiger," and he replied, "Oh, in China a paper tiger is a blackguard who blows much, but is harmless." He added: "When a man is very proud of himself, what Americans call 'stuck up,' we compare to a rat falling into scale and weighing itself. When a Chinaman overdoes a thing we say he is a hunchback making a bow. The rich son who quickly spends his father's money we call a rocket which goes off at once. We say of you rich Americans who send money to the heathens by missionaries and neglect their family at home, 'They hang their lantern on a pole, which is seen from afar, but gives no light below.'"—New York Press.

An Arab Honeymoon.

For seven days after the wedding the Arab bride and bridegroom are supposed not to leave their room. The bride may see none of her own family and only the women folk of her husband's, who wait on her. She remains in all her wedding finery and paint and does absolutely nothing. The bridegroom generally slips out at night after three days and sees a few friends privately, but he persistently hides from his wife's family, and should he by accident meet his father-in-law before the seven days are over he turns his back and draws his burnous, or haik, over his face. This is their view of a honeymoon, and they grow as weary of it as any European couple do of their enforced continental tour.—Wide World Magazine.

Good Ink, but No Bread.

Sweynheym and Pannartz, the two Germans who were the first to print books in Rome, used paper and types of excellent quality. Their ink on pages printed more than 400 years ago can vie in blackness with the best of the present day. Yet with all their labors they often lacked bread. In a petition to the pope they informed his holiness that their house was full of proof sheets, but that they had nothing to eat.—Argonaut.

The Sniffling Britisher.

The cold, self contained Britisher is mostly a dreadful fiction, and in situations that seem to him at all emotional he grows as snifily weepful as any matinee miss.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Huntsman's Mass.

"Once every year, on St. Hubert's day, one may see hundreds of dogs in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Brussels. At the huntsman's mass on that day the owners of hunting dogs take the animals to church with them, and for a short time the sacred edifice becomes a dog show place," says a writer in a Berlin paper. "To heighten the effect all the worshipers attend in hunting costume and the bugle plays an important part in the musical service. When the last celebration took place a stranger in the city, who was staying at one of the large hotels near the place, strolled toward the cathedral and took with him a pet spaniel. 'Every dog has his day,' he said, 'and this is it.' At the church entrance two pointers growled at the little dog and did it so fiercely that the little fellow turned and ran. He was coaxed back, but again driven away by another large dog. 'The owner took the hint,'" says the writer, "and returned to the hotel with his little pet, convinced that the big dogs looked upon the spaniel as an intruder, that he had no part in the St. Hubert's mass and that the day was not every dog's."

World's Finest Fruits.

An interesting discussion in the British Royal Horticultural society a few years ago as to what was the finest fruit in the world ended by giving the palm to a certain yellow nectarine raised from a peach by the late Francis Rivers. Next to this perhaps comes a properly ripened greengage, one of the best varieties of the plum. The greengage came into Europe by way of Italy and from Italy was brought to France early in the sixteenth century by the wife of Francis I., in whose honor it received the name of Reine Claude, by which it is still widely known. Soon afterward it was introduced into England from Italy under the old Italian name Verdoch and about the same time from France. The latter importation, however, came with lost labels to a family of prominent English amateur horticulturists of that day named Gage, from whom the fruit received its present name.—London Chronicle.

Suicide Without Pain.

"Yes," admitted the man who had his feet on the table, "it is true that I did once attempt to commit suicide.

"I was disconsolate, out of work, out of health, and I brooded over my unhappy lot until I"—

"Never mind what drove you to attempt the deed. All that interests us is how you made such a failure."

"I can hardly account for it myself even now. I fired a pistol straight at my heart."

"Blank cartridge?"

"Toy pistol?"

"Had chain armor on?"

"Bullet hit a rib and glanced off?"

"No," said the man, looking scornfully at the scoffers about him. "The bullet hit the looking glass in front of which I was standing and broke it into a thousand pieces."—Strand Magazine.

Lockjaw.

The fearful tetanus, or lockjaw, was ascribed in all the books when I was a student to puncture or irritation of a nerve, and both hands and feet were sometimes cut off to stop the irritation going up the nerve to the spine. Now we know that it is due to a fatal poison in the blood which acts like strychnin, though more painfully, and which is produced by a bacillus lodged in a punctured wound made by some stick, nail or pistol wad on which this evil bacillus happened to be. It is a soil bacillus and swarms in rich garden earth, particularly where guano or fish manure is used. All wounds therefore, into which earth has entered should be promptly cauterized.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's Magazine.

His Dance.

An organ grinder had been playing before the house of an irascible old gentleman, who furiously and amid wild gesticulations ordered him to move on. The Italian stolidly stood his ground and played on and at last was arrested for causing a disturbance. At the court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when he was requested.

"Me no understan' mooch Inglese," was the reply.

"Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go," said the magistrate.

"I think he come to dance," was the rejoinder.—London Tatler.

Progress.

"My wife knew nothing of housekeeping to begin with, but she's learning fast."

"That's encouraging."

"Oh, she's a bright little woman, if I do say it! It has taken only two cooks to teach her to keep away from the kitchen, and I suppose that's at least half the battle."—Puck.

How She Said It.

Indignant Mother—And so he kissed you three times? Now, what did you say to him?

Artless Daughter—Why, I said: "Don't! Stop!"

She did, only it sounded like, "Don't stop!"

He Had Room.

"Dear me, Tom, you eat a good deal for a little fellow," remarked Uncle John to his nephew.

"I s'pect I aren't so little inside as I look outside," was Tom's ingenious answer.

Where He Got His Money.

Howell—That fellow has made a fortune out of one book. Powell—He's an author, is he? Howell—No, the book I refer to was his father-in-law's check book.—Exchange.

An Index.

Knicker—What is their social standing? Bocker—Do they call it a barn, stable or garage?—New York Sun.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Writers' Cramp.

Writers' cramp is a serious matter to people whose work requires that they use a pen very much, while for the unaccustomed writer who takes an afternoon off now and then to catch up with her correspondence it is, to say the least, very discouraging. The trouble is more than muscular in this kind of cramp. Very often a low, nervous condition will cause it. Then one should take it as a warning that the system is run down and needs general toning up. Very often, however, the trouble is all in the way you hold your pen.

Children now in school are not likely to be troubled with writers' cramp, because they are taught to hold the pen lightly and make all the movements from the arm instead of the hand. The old fashioned method which most of us learned of holding the pen between the thumb and forefinger is also very likely to encourage a cramp. The muscles become tense and hard, until finally they contract so much that all control over them is lost. The pen should be held between the first two fingers, well up toward the joint. The trouble may often be relieved by putting the hand and wrist into the hottest water one can stand.—Boston Herald.

Delicious Supper Dish.

For Swiss eggs, a delicious supper dish, spread the bottom of a baking dish with two ounces of butter. Cover this with thin slices of American cheese. Place four eggs over the cheese, taking care that the yolks are not broken. Season with pepper and salt, pour around the eggs two tablespoonfuls of rich cream and cover the top with grated cheese. Bake it for ten minutes, garnish with parsley and serve with fingers of dried toast.—New York Tribune.

He Dodged.

"So Borroughs owes you money? Well, I think he'll pay you back some day, but you can't make him hurry."

"Don't you believe it. The mere sight of me walking along the street has made him hurry several times lately."—Philadelphia Press.

Important to Him.

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

Soft.

"Should a man shave up or down?" asked a youthful city clerk, and the barber replied with a grin:

"That depends. When I shave you, for instance, I always shave down."

The silent mouth is melodious.—Irish Proverb.

INVEST IN TIMBER

The Buffalo Timber Company, Incorporated, offer an opportunity for investment unexcelled as to security and increase in value.

The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

This Company owns Two Hundred Million Feet of the largest and finest standing timber on the continent.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SHARE

Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
418-420 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Lane's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.



Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness, internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

THE BIG STORE.

GAS STOVES AND RANGES

SNOW SHOVELS AND BROOMS

SLEDS AND SKATES

MEAT AND BUTTER CROCKS

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

CROSS CUT SAWS AND AXES

WOOD CHOPPRR'S MAULS & WEDGES

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Archdeacon Matthews will officiate at St. Luke's church on Sunday, Feb. 9.

—The Grange National Bank has a new ad to-day that is of interest to everyone. Do not fail to read it.

—The Clarion Paper Mill at Johnsonburg has resumed operations after a brief shut-down. This indust y employs about 1000 men.

—Walter D. Reynolds has resigned his position as managing editor of the Bradford Star and has been succeeded by James McIntyre. The change took place last Monday.

—The Eagle unintentionally misrepresented Smethport's mail facilities last week in stating that it had but two mails a day, when it should have read "over the Pennsylvania." * * * In all it has 14 mails per day.—Eldred Eagle.

—Twenty-nine of the oldest and most trusted employes of the B., R. & P. railroad have been discharged as a result of the investigation of pig-iron thefts of which mention was made two weeks ago. John McCrea of Bradford worked out the matter for the railroad company.

—Remember that back subscription bills must be paid within a very short time. The recent ruling of the post-office department curtails the privilege of the publisher in extending credit to subscribers and if you are a year or more in arrears the account must be paid at once.

—Manager Clark has contracted for Travers Vale's scenic production the "Girl of the Sunny South" for an engagement of one night at the Lyceum, next Tuesday, Feb. 4. The company is headed by Miss Edith Warren, an actress of ability, and comes with the endorsement of the leading New York critics.

—Attention of patrons of the public schools is called to the fact that a beginners' class will be organized on Monday, Feb. 3. All children who become 6 years old before July 1, 1908, will be allowed to begin at that time. These beginners will be given the same careful instruction as if they began in the fall. Miss Gifford will be their teacher. Parents should remember that their children are required by law to be vaccinated. If this is done at once some inconvenience will be avoided.

—Remember the Philadelphia oyster supper in the dining hall of St. Elizabeth's church, Saturday night.

—The Rev. Joseph P. Gilson will officiate at St. Luke's church on Sunday, Feb. 2. The services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Service and Sunday school at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—"The Lion and the Mouse" delighted a large audience at the Lyceum last Thursday evening. It is the general opinion that the company which presented the play was in every respect equal to the excellent one which appeared here last year.

—Roswell Sartwell has sent word home that while dissecting at school which he is attending in Philadelphia, Wednesday, a knife slipped and he cut his hand. As they don't use dull knives on a job of that kind, it probably means quite a cut and Roswell had to take a trip to the hospital to get it treated.—Eldred Eagle.

—M. E. Thompson has secured employment in the Backus Novelty works at Smethport and will move his family there in the spring. Thompson is not only an apt machinist but a good reliable citizen. He has been with the Allegany Window Glass Co., for several years and has given general satisfaction. We dislike to lose such a man.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—There is a rumor abroad that the Lehigh Valley is trying to secure control of the Shawmut line, and make a connection with the Shawmut at Atlanta, N. Y. Shawmut officials refuse to discuss the matter. A rumor factory is busy with the affairs of this line about six months in the year. Once it was the Erie, then the Pennsylvania, then the D., L. & W., then the Wabash—now it is the Lehigh Valley.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The Smethport High School basket ball team had an easy time of it with the Port Allegany boys Friday night and won by a score of 36 to 14. The local players certainly show improved form over last year, although in the opinion of some followers of the game a change or two would be beneficial to the team. The boys have lost two games so far this season by a single point.

—On Saturday last the door on the burglar proof safe in the vault of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. was opened after about a week of hard work by experts. The drilling process had to be resorted to and was kept up for nearly four days. The men employed on this job were among the most skillful safe openers in the United States, so it is

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST. Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertions.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 30, 1908.

Announcements.

STATE SENATOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. McKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

ROBERT P. HAGOOD.
Bradford, Pa., Jan 27, 1908.

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MONTGOMERY.
Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

J. A. DAVIS.
Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

E. W. JONES.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

B. F. STAINBY.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.
Kane, Jan. 6, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.
Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. I. OVIATT.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.
Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN J. McCAREY.
Annin Township, January 11, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MAHAR.
Bradford Township, Jan. 14, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. M. BOARDMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

DELOS ARMSTRONG.
Bradford, Jan. 30, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th.

M. S. CONES.
Keating Township, Jan. 18, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. R. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

J. H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 20, 1907.

THE second trial of Harry K. Thaw for the killing of Stanford B. White will probably end to morrow sometime. Opinion as to what the verdict will be is divided.

ONE of the most disastrous fires that has visited Chicago in many years occurred Tuesday night and Wednesday morning in the down town district. The fire practically destroyed the buildings occupied by Alfred Peats & Co., John A. Colby & Son and Edson Kieth & Co., besides doing damage to other firms. The loss is estimated at $1,700,000, nearly covered by insurance. At Kansas City the same night the packing plant of Nelson Morris & Co. was damaged to the extent of $500,000. At Indianapolis the Henry Coburn & Co. shipping warehouse suffered a $1,000,000 loss. At Detroit a large laundry was destroyed with a loss of $200,000.

IN its place among the list of candidates will be found the announcement of A. M. Boardman of Bradford as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Boardman is well known to the people of the county having served one term as Commissioner. He was a conscientious and careful official and made an excellent record. He is a man of good business training, thorough and competent in his methods, and is in fact qualified in every way to make a satisfactory County Commissioner. He is a leader in campaign matters, and popular with the voters, therefore his showing at the primaries should be a good one.

HON. JAMES A. MCKEAN, one of Smethport's most prominent citizens, announces this week that he is a candidate for re-election as a Member of Assembly from McKean county subject to the action of the Republican voters next April. The large majority by which Mr. McKean was elected to the honorable position which he now holds is perhaps the best illustration of the great esteem in which he is held by the people in general. As a member of the Legislature he worked hard and faithfully for the best interests of his constituents and the result was certainly beneficial. His wide knowledge of the conditions and needs of the county he so ably represents, coupled with the sound common sense necessary to a man in that position makes him an admirable Assemblyman, and there does not seem to be any good reason why he should not be nominated and re-elected by a rousing majority.

J. H. STULL of Keating township announces his candidacy for County Auditor this week subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Stull was born in Eldred township, this county, 58 years ago. He taught school when a young man. In October, 1861, he enlisted with the 58th Pa. Volunteers and served with them until Nov. 1862, when he went into Co. D, 4th U. S. Light Artillery and fought during the Civil War, being mustered out in Feb. 1865. He then returned home and has devoted most of his life at the carpenter's trade, although he has spent several years at different mercantile pursuits. He has been a resident of Keating township for the past 24 years. He is a remarkably well preserved man, hardly looking to be over 50 years of age, and he is well qualified in every way to fill the position to which he aspires. If the Republicans of this county choose him as one of their candidates he will elected by the large majority he richly deserves.

IN its proper place will be found the name of Hon. Robert P. Habgood, who is a candidate to succeed himself as a Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries next April. Mr. Habgood has established a record during his career as a member of the Legislature that is remarkable in many ways. He attained recognition from the first and was honored in many ways by that body of lawmakers in a manner decidedly unusual to be accorded a first-term man. His executive ability and quick and sure grasp of the telling points in matters under consideration were qualities which could not be kept in the background, and he very soon won the respect and confidence of his fellow members. He is a worker. McKean county elected him and he showed his appreciation by putting in "good, hard licks" for its people—and their best interests were his best interests every minute. Mr. Habgood was recently honored by the election as President of the League of Republican clubs of the State. He is a good man for the place and from all present indications a big share of McKean county Republicans will see that he gets it again.

It is very important and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give relief to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, nausea, sour stomach, headache, irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated, it is doing too much work and it is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while; especially after meals; something like Kodol For Dyspepsia Indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Statement of Nunundah Creamery.

To balance 1906		$ 3 47
" creamery sales, cash	16063 55	
" patrons	928 05	
		16942 40
By paid patrons	$17188 30	
" salary	835 00	
" taxes	34 34	
" insurance	27 75	
" supplies	467 48	
" gas and water	492 56	
" stationery & postage	18 25	
" freight	27 78	
" repairs	58 65	
" dividends	204 00	
" balance	105 37	
		10543 40

If a cough once gets into your system it acts on every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opiates—it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Every body loves our baby, rosy sweet and warm
With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms,
Once she was thin and cross, used to cry with pain—
Mother gave her Cascasweet, now she's well again.

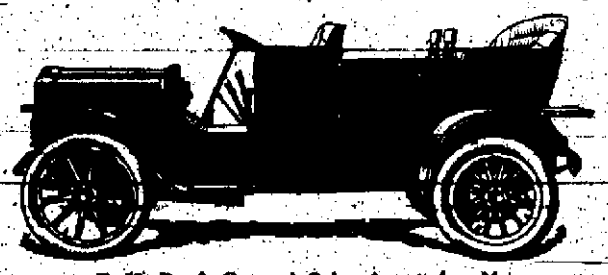
Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5tf

When you want the best, get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for little or big cuts, boils or bruises, and is especially recommended for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Every man who earns money and every woman who keeps house or spends money, should have a checking account in a safe, convenient bank—deposit money, receive and pay all bills by checks, because

FIRST: The checks returned are your legal receipts.

SECOND: It is easier to spend money out of your pocket than by check—when you have a chance to think you will economize.

THIRD: The people with whom you do business will give you more respect and consideration.

FOURTH: In times when currency is scarce, the scarcity is not likely to cause you embarrassment.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Colevillle, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. R. MOORE, Administrator.
Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907



E-7GS

RAILROAD
WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. • Smethport

What do You Know About Mica Canopies

Let me tell you something about them.

They will fit any Globe, cost only 10 cents each, save driving nails and hooks in your ceilings to hang Smoke Bells, and will never wear out.

Every one that sees them uses them

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK SMETHPORT

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Our Suit and Overcoat
SALE
is now on.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

We have 50 Hart, Shaffner & Marx Suits from $20.00 up, that we are closing out at $14.00 per. Come and look.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous
Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee.
Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery,
Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Two days only in which to take advantage of the January Clearance Prices, and they will save money for YOU. Friday and Saturday are the last days--and we are going to make them the Banner Days of the Sale.

Great Sale of Waists.

$3.00 WAISTS AT $1.98.

These are all fine Waists and latest styles, mostly tailored effects and popular sellers.

Embroideries that were 15c to 25c per yd., 5 and 6 yd. pieces, go at ... 12c a yd.
Insertions go at ... 6c a yd.
Sweaters go at ... 1-3 off
Other savings that are equally as good.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

PHONOGRAPHS ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The best entertainer that can come into your home is an Edison Phonograph. But why an Edison? Because all talking machines sprung from the parent idea which Mr. Edison invented, but the Phonograph which has had his personal care and attention in its development is the Edison. It stands to reason that the man who first discovered that the human voice could be reproduced can today produce the best talking machine. It stands to reason, and is true, that the Edison Phonograph is the most perfect reproducer of all machines.

Hear the New Model play the February records. We carry in stock every Edison Record made.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 30, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Basket ball at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—The ice harvest on the pond commenced yesterday.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory is closed this week while new blocks are being set.

—The next regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 p. m., in the M. E. chapel.

—Many subscriptions to the MINER expire February 1. Take advantage of the dollar-a-year-in-advance rate in renewing.

—The B. L. & K. railroad was snow bound yesterday, and it took all day to get the road ready for traffic—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 1, to begin at 2:30.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theetge of Cammillus, N. Y., on Dec. 29, 1907, a son. "Erney's" many old friends in town extend congratulations to the new papa.

—We are authorized to state that the skating rink in the Backus block was closed last night until a new hardwood floor and other improvements can be made, which will probably take about a week.

—An advertisement concerning the "Girl of the Sunny South," which is the attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday night, will be found in another column of to-day's issue. The prices for this attraction are 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

—The Catholic ladies of Colegrove and Crosby will give a dance in the Red Men's new hall at Crosby, Friday evening, Feb. 7. Dance tickets, $1.00; supper tickets, 25 cents. Music by Chadwick's orchestra. All are invited to attend.

—On Friday last Commissioner Devlin went to Colsman's mill, Liberty township, and took William Schoonover, who is insane, into custody. He was brought to Smethport and on Monday he was taken to the asylum at North Warren for treatment.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilkins of East Bradford were painfully burned at their home Tuesday evening by an explosion of gas. The explosion was caused from a leaky connection and set fire to the house, which was extinguished after doing about $500 damage. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins are in the hospital, but their little adopted daughter escaped without injury.

—Among those who received prizes at the Poultry show held in Bradford this week, are the following from Smethport: Barred Plymouth Rocks—Carl Sasse, 4th cockerel and 2nd pullet Julius Hornfeim, 2nd cockerel and 1st pullet.

—William Donley of Renovo, charged with having ravished and murdered his 8-year-old neice, the child of his brother, was found guilty of murder in the first degree last Saturday. Donley almost collapsed when he heard the verdict. The jury was out two hours.

—A deed has been recorded at Smethport transferring to the United States of America, for $20,000, a lot for a public building in the city of Bradford, the document being signed by Philip L. and Frank L. Webster. So it is to be presumed that some day a building will be erected by the government in this city.—Bradford Era.

—Constable Jones of Smethport yesterday brought Frank Clark of Farmers Valley to Bradford, the prisoner being charged with larceny as bailee. Clark was given a hearing and held for court in the sum of $200 bail. The bail not being forthcoming, the prisoner was taken to the Smethport jail, says this morning's Era.

—The Smethport High School basket ball team will clash with the team from the Eldred High School at the Lyceum to-morrow night. A friendly rivalry exists between these two teams and it would tickle the local boys amazingly if they could down the strong Eldred bunch. You are urged to attend and see them try to turn the trick. It costs only 25 cents, general admission; students, 15 cents. A Midget game will start at 8 o'clock, while the big show opens at 8:30 sharp.

—The second day of the McKean County poultry show at the Exchange Lyceum drew a large crowd, it being estimated last evening that fully 650 people paid admissions during the afternoon and evening. Mr. Campbell of Harrisburg, representing the State Department of Agriculture, gave very interesting addresses. The show has a twin exhibit, a cockerel and a pullet hatched from a single egg. The exhibit comes from the South Bradford poultry yards of James W. Leasure of this city, says yesterday's Era.

—Trenton N. J., district of the Association of History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland met in conference in the High School auditorium Saturday. One of the most striking addresses was that of Dr. William A. Wetzel, principal of Trenton High School. He urged the employment of the newspapers as textbooks by civics teachers, saying that there is a no better way to keep posted on the important governmental problems than by reading the daily and weekly papers. The use of cartoons in political study are also advocated.

—The Epworth League will give a social at the M. E. chapel on Friday evening, Jan. 31. A program will be rendered and refreshments served. A general admission of 10 cents will be charged.

—Robert Laley, Fabian McIntosh and another young man whose name was not learned walked from Bradford to Smethport last Saturday. The young pedestrians called at the MINER office during their stay in town. Fabian and the other youth made the return journey on foot, but on account of lameness, Robert returned on the train. The boys expect to make the round trip on foot next Saturday.

—Several of the latest successful Broadway songs are interpolated in the production of that intensely interesting romance, "The Girl of the Sunny South," which comes to the Lyceum on next Tuesday night. If witty dialogue, stirring situations and excruciating funny comedy complications are the component parts of a successful play, then this latest addition to the dramatic stage stands in the front row. The cast has been carefully selected and the scenic environment is far above the ordinary.

—Improvements in the factory of the Backus Novelty company are being made almost daily. The working force is being steadily increased, and a good share of the time the plant is run nights as well as days to keep up with the demand for hat and coat hooks. A room in the building has recently been fitted up as an assembling department, and the space thus gained in other parts of the factory will allow the installation of new machinery. Negotiations are being made with the Port Allegany furniture factory for the manufacture of the wooden frames used in the combination hat, coat and umbrella rack which the Backus company will soon place on the market. There was no great blare of trumpets attending the starting of the novelty works in Smethport, but from present indications it will not be long before this concern will compare very favorably with any industrial enterprise in the town from the standpoint of practical benefit.

"The Girl of the Sunny South."

Captain Searelle, while on the field of Chicamauga, is lured away from the lines by his commanding officer, Colonel Raymond who is infatuated with Grace, the Captain's wife. Searelle is court-martialed and sentenced to death as a coward. Raymond induces Searelle to make a will, leaving all his possession to his wife. Overcome with emotion, the Captain asks Raymond to write the will for him. As he is about to sign it, he is called away to headquarters. In the interim, Raymond writes another will leaving all the property to himself. The real will is burnt, but is saved by a Frenchman, Leroy, who is on picket duty. The Captain returns, all is excitement, the false will is substituted and he signs it. He is led away to execution, and the camp is attacked by the Federals. The firing party only wound Searelle, and he loses his memory and identity by the blow. He is captured and placed in the Federal prison. Five years elapse and Raymond is in possession of the property. He holds a mortgage on the old plantation and threatens to foreclose it unless Grace becomes his wife. Searelle returns a broken-down tramp, unrecognized and unknown, and saves his wife from the prosecutions of the Colonel. He is made a welcome guest in the house and while asleep, Raymond and Leroy enter to steal the cotton money that is to pay off the mortgage. The old judge, Grace's uncle, is a somnambulist, and being fearful for the safety of the money, walks in his sleep and takes the money. Imagining that he is giving it to Grace for security, he hands it to Raymond from whom Leroy steals it. The old judge awakens and arouses the house and is killed by Raymond. The tramp—Searelle, awakens and in his endeavor to capture the robbers, is stricken down. The blow brings back his memory and he sees the vision of his own execution, five years ago. He is arrested for the murder of the Judge and he imagines he really killed him. He escapes from the prison and goes to Australia. The rich gold fields have attracted him and he returns with a fortune. He wheedles the truth from Leroy and faces Raymond. The truth comes out and Raymond meets his just deserts. There is a love plot running throught the play in which an English tourist, Vereker and Katie, Grace's sister, take active parts. Mose, the antebellum darkey, a devoted servitor of Searelle's infuses a great amount of comedy into the plot. The stage settings are realistic and cotton pickers, old plantation singers, and soldiers add to the pleasure of a play that is truly full of interesting incidents. At the Lyceum next Tuesday night.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 25, 1908:

B. Genevia, Bert Kertz, Harry Neff (2), Mike Ryan, Stefano Romeo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address. HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by O. H. Gleason.

Personal Mention.

Webb Hopper visited Bradford last Saturday.

Clint Young of Coryville was in town last night.

Mrs. Mae Kerns was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Harry Joiner of Chipmunk is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

V. B. Boston was in Bradford on business on Saturday last.

Orlo J. Hamlin is in New York City this week on business.

Ed. McMann of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barber of Crosby were in town Tuesday.

A. B. Walker was called to Bradford on business last Saturday.

Miss Helen Dunn of Mt. Alton visited friends in town over Sunday.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Miss Hallie Walker visited relatives and friends in Olean over Sunday.

Miss Myra Cory of Coryville is visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Miss Patsy Hutchins of Olean was the guest of Miss Edith McGuier over Sunday.

Ex-County Commissioner Albert Peterson of Kane was a visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Daisy Hevner of Mt. Jewett attended the dancing party at the Lyceum Tuesday.

Mrs. H. E. Merritt of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Homlin.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williams of Butler spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman of this place.

Result of the Primaries.

The primaries for the nomination of candidates to be voted for at the February election were held Saturday. The only contest was among Republican candidates for councilmen, no opposition being offered in the other offices, and as a consequence the vote was light. The borough tickets follow:

REPUBLICAN

Councilmen—W. A. Ostrander, E. W. Workley, J. W. Waite.
School Directors—F. D. Gallup, D. C. Young.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
High Constable—John A. Lindholm.
Auditor—O. B. Corwin.
Judge of Election—Harry S. Rubin.
Inspector of Election—L. K. Hogarth.

DEMOCRATIC

Councilmen—H. H. Sasso, S. R. Lindsley, W. E. McCammon.
School Directors—Chas. McKean, W. J. Kerr.
Constable—Washington Stark.
Auditor—J. E. Mundy.
Judge of Election—George Barber.
Inspector of Election—E. T. Daly.

Quickly Changed Her Name.

A man and a woman appeared at the office of the city clerk in Olean Wednesday and applied for a marriage licence. The man gave his name in full as Mitchell Napoleon Ulysses LaFayette Brooks and his age as 45 years. His home is Beuzeotte, Ste county, Fa. He had not previously been married. The bride to be, Mrs. Ellen Liegey, aged 35, of Goshen, Clearfield county, Pa., however had been married once. She had been married until January 18, 1908 when she secured a divorce at Clearfield Pa. When Mr. Andrews asked of the bride-to-be the question as to where and when divorce was granted, Mitchell Napoleon Ulysses LaFayette Brooks drew from an inside pocket a legal looking document and handed it to the city clerk. The papers showed that Mrs. Liegey had received the judgment on Saturday of last week. During the early part of the evening the couple called on Mr. Ruf at the Presbyterian manse and there, four days after she had secured her divorce, Mrs. Liegey became Mrs. M. N. U. L. Brooks.

Wanted—For Smethport and vicinity. Energetic man or woman to introduce a line of household necessities. Rapid sellers. Big profits. Good opportunity to establish permanent business. For full particulars address THE HE-LO COMPANY, Olean, N. Y., Look Box 170. 5-8t

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, Feb. 4.

TRAVERS VALE Presents
The Charming Comedienne

EDITH WARREN

IN THE STIRRING ROMANTIC COMEDY DRAMA

THE GIRL OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

A Powerful Play of Heart Interest
New and Up-to-date Specialties
A SELECTED COMPANY

PRICES: 25, 35, 50 & 75

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

JANUARY

Clearance Bargains.

Here's another lot of money savers in desirable goods. We are closing out all odd lots and remnants so that our stocks may be in good condition for our inventory by Feb. 1.

LOOK THE LIST OVER. IT WILL PAY YOU A HANDSOME PROFIT.

3 lb. Rolls, Bleached Cotton Batting, full quilt size, reduced from 50c to ... 39c
Sofa Cushion Tops, reduced ¼ to ½. Now 5c to 38c.
Framed Pictures, reduced ½. Now 12½c to $1.88.
Men's Sweaters, High Neck, reduced ⅓, now 50c to $2.25
Women's Fleeced Union Suits, Extra Large sizes only, reduced from 50c to ... 39c

SPECIAL CLEARING PRICES ON SKIRTS, FURS, WAISTS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES, WOOL UNDERWEAR AND DRESS GOODS.

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

AWFUL CREATURE WAS NINETY FEET LONG

Recent Grewsome Experience of a Chicago Man Is Sample of a Series of Such Cases

During L. T. Cooper's recent visit to Chicago, where his new preparation and theory created the usual sensation, many hundreds of people brought enormous internal parasites to the young man, which had left the system after taking his medicine.

Among these people was Mr. Emil Winkler, who brought to Cooper a tapeworm that proved to be over ninety feet in length. Mr. Winkler, who resides at 182 East Ohio Street, Chicago, had this to say of his experience: "For five years I have been more or less complaining. I have had severe headaches, and any food that I would eat would nauseate me. I would have bad dreams almost every night; dizzy spells would compel me to quit work. Black spots would appear before my eyes when stooping over and rising quickly. I would feel tired most of the time; in fact, I had no life in me to speak of for the last five years. I tried various treatments, and one physician in St. Louis was recommended to me, and I was under his treatment some time, but as usual I obtained no relief.

"So many people asked me to try Cooper's preparation that I decided to do so, and after using it for a few days, this awful thing passed from my system. I feel much better already, and I want to say right here that I thank Mr. Cooper a hundred times for what his medicine has done for me. I would not take $5,000 and have that thing back in my system again."

Mr. Winkler is a fair sample of the experience of many during Cooper's stay in Chicago, and this no doubt helped to account for the enormous sale of the Cooper preparation in this city and others, recently visited by the young man.

We sell and will be pleased to explain the Cooper preparations.

—McCoy's Drug Store.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A Great Reduction

SALE OF SUITS —AND— OVERCOATS

That's all.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Billy and Betty.

By ALLEN LYNN.

Copyright, 1900, by C. N. Lurie.

HE was hardly conscious of her intrusion at first. She fitted so well into it all with her soft gray calico and chestnut hair.

They were on the brow of a slope that dropped rapidly down into the valley, and she paused and threw her hand above her eyes with a quick motion, which he recognized as expressing anxiety and hope. He could see her face plainly from where he lay, and he could read in the glances which flashed from point to point something of the terror of their owner at not finding what she sought.

"What is it, Miss Betty?" he drawled as with a slow, muscular movement of his body he threw himself upon his feet and moved forward to her side. "Can I be any help?"

"O-oh! It's you, Billy? Thank God! Hurry! Hurry! Pap's knocked down by a tree an' being crushed. I couldn't lift it."

"Where?" asked Billy tersely.

"To Possum Flat. He was choppin' a bee tree, an' it fell 'fore he thought. Please, please do hurry!"

Billy nodded reassuringly. Possum Flat was three miles away by a circuitous path around craggy points and up and down declivities or one mile by going straight over the ridge and meeting a precipice by crawling out on a branch for twenty feet and sliding down the tree trunk for thirty feet more. Billy wondered if Betty had come by this route. But as he sprang up the slope he swung his hand toward the circuitous path, knowing full well as he did so, however, that the girl would do exactly as she pleased, for that was her way.

Possum Flat was the wonder and chagrin of all the mountain side, for was it not the climax of brazen infamy? They all had their truck patches, but beside Possum Flat their patches were as barren fields to a land of milk and honey. Jake, the father of Betty—as he was called in contradistinction to another Jake of the same name, who was father of Meg—grew potatoes that stood alone from October digging to the May planting. His onions and cabbages were always above family needs and flowed over into envied sales for ready money, and, to cap it all, behind his cabin was a four acre field that every fall showed green with sprouting shoots and every spring grew heavy with swaying, golden headed wheat. No wonder he had two mules and a buckboard "kerridge," a "fenzzer" in front of his cabin and a kitchen with real window glass windows behind! And no wonder he carried his head high as the mighty man of the "hillers" and looked askance at the valorous "poro trash" youth that dared to raise eyes to his daughter. But of unambitious, care free Billy he had not even thought as an object of suspicion.

So now, after that stalwart youth had removed the heavy tree trunk from his body and had lifted and borne him to his bed in the cabin as gently as a mother might her child, he welcomed with cordial gratitude an offer to remain and look after things until he could get out. Betty was strong and willing, but her hands would be full in looking after him, and there were the mules to care for and the dozens of pigs and a cow to drive up from the valley and milk, and besides it was high time the four acres were again seeded in order that there should be a succession to the sacks of golden grain which were now stored in the shed loft waiting for the higher quotations which rumor promised. Yes, a strong man was needed on the place, for Possum Flat, even in its splendor, was isolated. The nearest neighbor was too far away to be reached by even the report of his rifle.



"PAP'S KNOCKED DOWN BY A TREE."

Billy entered upon his new work with unwonted energy. A great heap of wood was cut and piled near the back door where it would be handy for Betty. He brought water and fed the pigs and, in spite of her protests, insisted on doing the milking himself, and he brought the big, unwieldy plow and swung it in behind the mules and went merrily around the four acre lot in lessening parallelograms.

It was the novelty of seeing a woman about that was pleasant. He had no sisters, and his mother had long been dead. It was just the novelty and the neatness and contentedness of it all he liked. And this idea, if his thoughts took such definite form, remained with him for a month—until the invalid began to hobble about on crutches—when suddenly the truth came home to him as had her beauty that day on the ridge. Billy was in love.

Betty noticed the change in him at once, and her face grew puzzled, but only for a little while. Then an odd twinkle of humor came into her eyes as though she understood. And mingled with the humor was a tender, flickering light which had been gaining strength in her eyes these past few weeks, a light which Billy had not yet seen.

As he entered Jake looked up with angry impatience, and Billy raised a hand defensively before his face, but the invalid was not thinking of that.

"Heered anything 'bout wheat today?" he grumbled. "Goin' down, of course."

"Goin' up," Billy answered promptly. "A man hollered to me from the edge o' the hill this mornin' an' said 'twas seventy."

"Seventy!" Jake grabbed his crutches and rose tottteringly to his feet, but sank back, with a snarl of mingled rage and pain. "Seventy cents, an' I've got ninety bushels. Dum the old back! By the time I'm out ag'in it'll be down to fifty, like 'twas last year, an' that'll be a clean loss of $15."

"Can't I go, pap?" suggested Betty.

The gloomy face cleared slightly, then lowered. He loved the profits of his industry, but not so much as he loved Betty. It was thirty miles to Staunton.

"No, ye can't," he snarled.

There was a brief silence. Then Betty said:

"There's Billy, pap. He's mighty strong and willin'."

The face darkened, then grew lighter. Evidently the idea, at first scouted, was being tolerated. That meant Billy had been making giant strides forward during these few weeks.

"I—dunno," doubtfully.

Billy saw his opportunity and rose to it like a man—like a man of industry. He was developing rapidly.

"I'll take it down all right," he said confidently. "I've sold wheat to Staunton afore. But mebbe it'll be worth while to hold back till you're out ag'in."

Jake snorted.

"There's more fallin's than risin's in wheat," he snapped. "I've found that out. I reckon ye'd better go, an' mind, I want ye to get it all down by tomorrow. Seventy cents! Yes, ye must get it all in tomorrow."

Billy's head was whirling. But there was Betty looking at him confidently, and her father already beginning to lose some of his newly acquired confidence. He must brace up.

"All right," he answered as steadily as he could. "The mules can draw half on the long waggin, an' I'll borry Tom Stuart's mule an' Ike Coyner's hay waggin. That'll take the other half. Ike's boy Sam can drive behind me so I can keep an eye on him. Oh, yes. We'll get on fust rate."

Jake nodded approvingly. It was a good plan.

"Seventy cents," he admonished warningly. "Try an' get it."

After the wheat was loaded the next day Billy entered the cabin for a few last instructions. Before leaving he contrived to draw Betty into the back kitchen for a moment.

"Say, Betty," he began, "I—I—say, would ye mind me buyin' a ring to Staunton, a gold ring for you an' me?"

She looked at him quickly, understandingly, her face flushing. She could not remember a single one of her married acquaintances who had been given a gold ring.

"Why, no, I wouldn't mind, Billy," she said simply. "I'll be real glad."

"An'—an' would ye mind, speakin' to your pap 'bout it while I'm gone, Betty? It might be a good time now I'm a-totin' his wheat."

"N-no, I don't mind."

She watched him from the doorway until the heavy wagons rumbled out of sight. Then she went to her father.

"Pap," she announced abruptly, "Billy's asked me to marry him."

"An' you?"

"I've said yes," composedly.

Jake controlled himself with a mighty effort. With Betty he must be diplomatic.

"Well, ye know best," he grimaced affably. "But ye know how 'tis with Billy. Ye'll have to wait till he's able to keep ye. I don't reckon he's saved enough to buy a runt pig yet."

But Betty smiled to herself contentedly. Was not Billy the best natured and the best looking man on the slope? And had he not promised her a gold ring out of the plenitude of his riches? So she said softly:

"I won't go ag'in ye, pap. Don't ye fear. We'll wait till ye say yourself that Billy's able to keep me."

But, curiously enough, at that very moment Billy was wondering dismally how he would be able to contrive the purchase of a gold ring with the 25 cents which represented the accumulation of his twenty-five years.

They expected him back by the end of the third day. It was the afternoon of the sixth when he returned. As he dismissed young Sam and attended to his mules there was a look of beatific joy upon his face, which remained there until he opened the cabin door and saw the expectant face of Jake.

The latter whitened and staggered to the nearest chair.

"You poor boy!" cried Betty tenderly. "You're plumb beat out."

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake eagerly.

Billy gasped and tried to collect his thoughts. What did they want him to say? It was about the wheat, wasn't it? He had almost forgotten that unimportant matter after the gold ring took possession of his mind. He remembered the wheat had been taken to the storeroom of a big flouring mill and that he had told a clerk he would be back later and attend to its sale. Then he had hurried away in search of a job hauling with the mules and had carted sand two days for $6 and had bought the gold ring. Yes, that was it, and he had given Sam the 25 cents to pay his fare to a cousin's at Fishersville to get him out of the way for the two days. That was all—only he had forgotten to go back and sell the wheat.

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake for the second time.

Billy felt that it was a crisis with him, and he drew a long, hard breath. Then his gaze steadied.

"Ye see, it's this way," he said, "signs are for risin', an' I ain't sold yet. Ye might jest as well durn it at 50 cents as for anybody else. But I'll go down"—he was about to say "to eight," but restrained himself, for that might betray him; he added instead—"in a few days an' see how the risin's comin' on."



"THE RISIN' WAS EVEN BETTER THAN I 'LOWED ON."

Under ordinary circumstances the invalid would not have controlled his astonishment and wrath, but this was an extraordinary opportunity, and Jake, the father of Betty, was nothing if not diplomatic. So he forced himself into a semblance of composure.

"Well, it's your lookout, Billy," he said significantly. "I ordered ye to sell, an' of course I'll hold ye responsible for all fallin's from the 70 cents. Mind that!"

It was a very miserable Billy who went out to attend to the evening chores. He had half a mind to rush back to Staunton and remedy the evil before it grew worse. He imagined all sorts of fallings—to 60 cents, 50, perhaps 30, to a life of toil spent in atoning for the carelessness, to the probable loss of Betty. But he stuck it out until the third morning. Then he left the cabin with steady, confident strides, which, however, changed to frantic haste as soon as he was beyond view of Betty in the doorway.

But the mills of the gods sometimes turn out unaccountable grist. Every moment since Billy had been told from the hill that wheat was "goin' up" the mills of the Chicago pit had been grinding out good flour for his chaff. The west had been scoured, the markets of the world invoked and the many tongued lines of telegraph brought into the game. And all had redounded to the honor and glory of Billy of Coon Hill. When he returned to Possum Flat at the end of one short twenty-four hours his face was again expressive of beatific joy.

Going straight to Jake, the father of Betty, he handed him a roll of bills.

"The risin' was even better than I 'lowed on," he said nonchalantly. "I sold for $1 a bushel. Ye see, there was signs o' breakin', an' I 'lowed I'd better not hold on any longer."

There are varying signs of wonder, chagrin, incredulity and satisfaction, but the mingling of them all which gathered on Jake's face was of the kind that cannot be put into words. He gazed at the money, at the strong, handsome figure before him, at Betty, smiling a few feet away, and bowed his head in surrender.

"I reckon I might 'a' been mistook, Betty," he said submissively. "Billy 'll be able to keep ye, sure 'nough."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

He Knew.

"Now, Willie," said the bad boy's mother, "it's time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy promptly. "It means they ain't no use you washin' my face an' hands, 'cause they'll on'y get dirty again."—Philadelphia Press.

Among Friends.

Patience—I hear Peggy's gone in for ballooning.

Patrice—Indeed! Well, she must be happy. She always looked as if she wanted to get her nose up in the air.—Yonkers Statesman.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "stitches" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without ambition and without energy? If so, your kidneys are out of order. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly relieve backache, weak back, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A JUBILEE JOKE.

Lady Churchill's Rum a That Played "God Save the Queen."

Everything that year (Queen Victoria's jubilee year) was dubbed "jubilee," from knights and babies to hats and coats. "God Save the Queen" was heard ad nauseam on every conceivable occasion until the tune became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "jubilee bustle," which would play "God Save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my hostess into my confidence. An aid-de-camp was pressed into the service and armed with a small musical box was made to hide under a particular armchair. While the company was at luncheon I retired to don the so called "jubilee wonder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the armchair where the poor aid-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the national anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat down it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me.—"Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in Century.

A GREAT STATESMAN.

Humorous Incident of Gladstone's Rivalry With Disraeli.

An anecdote of Gladstone at the time of his greatest rivalry with Disraeli is often retold. At a dinner party the subject of Judaism cropped up.

"Admitted," said Gladstone, "that the Hebrews have given the world a philosopher in Spinoza, musicians in Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, a poet in Heine, the fact remains that they have not produced a single statesman."

There was silence for a moment. Every one knew of course that this was a direct allusion to Disraeli. Then one of the company stepped into the breach.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "as a matter of fact the Hebrews have produced a statesman and one of the greatest the world has seen."

The fighting instinct of Mr. Gladstone surged up at once. "May I ask, sir," he said pointedly, "who was this Hebrew statesman?"

Every one, anticipating a more than lively scene, waited in tense expectation for the answer. It came in the quietest tones, "Moses, sir." Every one smiled, and Mr. Gladstone joined in the laugh.—Young Woman.

A Jewel Beyond Price.

Many years ago a Norwegian was taken to a big London hospital suffering from an illness which prevented him from earning his living. Sir Frederick Treves operated upon him, and completely cured him of his trouble. Some weeks afterward the man called upon Sir Frederick at his private house, and, much to his surprise, presented him with a coin. At first Sir Frederick refused to take it, but the man would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin and told me never to part with it unless I was starving. It is not worth anything, but the value to me I cannot express. When I was in the hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it as a small return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewelry," said Sir Frederick when he told the story, "could equal the value of that coin?"—London M. A. P.

The Attraction of Chess Problems.

The mere player who has never experienced the magnetic attraction of problems cannot fully realize the feeling of joy and satisfaction from solving some masterpiece, the work of a famous composer. There can be no doubt that solving problems, especially from diagrams, is an intellectual amusement and that the study of problems tends to accuracy of analysis, quickens the perception and strengthens the chess faculties generally and may occasionally impart some of those sparkling ideas which are so sadly needed in ordinary play.—Strand Magazine.

Riot of Joy Proffered.

A tramp applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee," said the man, "but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Hamlet.

"I went to the theater last night."

"What did you see?"

"A play called 'Hamlet.'"

"How was it?"

"Fair, only fair. A good, lively sextet would do it a world of good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Easy Trick.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark."

"How does she do it?"

"She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Fun.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

ANIMAL TAILS.

The Functions of Those of Cats, Lions and Jaguars.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But nevertheless it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a lion or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment, ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is scoring his opponent his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another physiological function of the tail, that of an aid in balancing. As a tight rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary, this organ functions as a storehouse of fat and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground or it is suspended on two small wheels.—C. William Beebe in Outing Magazine.

BUSHRANGERS.

The Most Noted of the Later Day Outlaws in Australia.

Bushrangers were originally runaway convicts who took to the "bush," as Australians call the backwoods, and became holdup men. About the year 1850 the bushrangers became so numerous that they fought regular engagements with posses and soldiers sent out to capture them, and this form of crime continued sporadically until within recent years. The most famous of later rangers were the Kelly brothers. After many daring crimes and hairbreadth escapes the Kellys actually held up the entire village of Jerilderie, N. S. W., which had a population of 200. Ned Kelly looted the bank of $10,000, while his three pals held the men of the village cooped up in their homes. Although there was a special bushranging act in force at the time authorizing the detention of persons suspected to be in communication with the outlaws, the Kellys were not heard of again for nearly a year, when they "stuck up" the small town of Glenrowan, in Victoria. Here they were brought to bay, and three of the desperadoes were shot dead in a house they had barricaded, while the leader, Ned Kelly, was brought to the ground with a bullet through the legs. He was hanged in 1880. All four of the men were in the habit of wearing an armor made of plowshares and weighing almost a hundred pounds.—New York American.

An Outrageous Slandering.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conduct the reverse of admirable, to put it mildly. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles!"

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."—Cornhill Magazine.

Thoughtful.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs. The Clevelander married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Clevelander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."—Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man.

The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villain's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her husband. "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man!"

"Very well, John," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram."—Bohemian.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page, "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief in croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bonnon, Smethport.
Associate Judges—C. F. Bartlay, Hiram Hinkley.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Babcock, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy S. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. B. Hall, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport
Commissioners—Asa Griffin, Homer A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; N. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. T. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—S. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sease.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John S. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 348, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. RANDOLPH L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WILHOIT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
E. C. CLIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KEMPER, Com.
BELLE CAHAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER-W. M.,
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on 1st Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Wolf or Sheep?

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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There was a run on the Ilion National bank, and depositors were crowding in line hour after hour waiting their turn to withdraw their money. Paying tellers worked with deliberation that was maddening. Some days only half a dozen people would be paid off, but still the line increased, hopes against hope. For two days and nights the figure of a young girl had been noticed. She was slowly working her way to the front. At 2:45 p. m. on the third day she was admitted to the bank and withdrew her entire account.

To avoid confusion depositors were admitted at one door and passed out through a side entrance, and as she emerged from the latter she cast a hurried glance about her. She gave a sigh of relief when she saw that she was quite alone and apparently unnoticed. Then suddenly a tall man appeared in the doorway behind her.

Lillian Burkhart trembled as she clutched the roll of bills, her teeth chattered, the color faded from her cheeks, and she was conscious that her hands trembled visibly. The man looked at her sharply, stepped forward, and asked if he could be of service to her.

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with some concern.

"You can go away," she managed to answer.

The man calmly proceeded to button his heavy ulster, slipped his hand in the pocket thereof and pulled out a heavy pair of gloves, which he drew on slowly. His tall, broad shoulders were surmounted by a handsome clear cut face, his whole appearance was faultless. He glanced concernedly at Lillian, whose color had not yet returned and who seemed to tremble from head to foot.

"Really, I feel that I must call for assistance. Will you have a cab or a doctor? It would be nothing short of brutal to leave you here shivering like that. Are you ill or simply cold? I insist upon knowing."

Lillian was forced to look at him again, and it seemed to give her courage to speak.

"Were you ever hungry?" she murmured as she took a firmer hold on the bills.

"Yes, indeed," said her companion. "But never with that amount of money in my grasp."

Lillian started with a sudden jerk at the mention of her money and dropped the entire roll of bills. He stooped to pick it up, and after one wild shriek she called distractedly:

"Stop thief! Stop, I say!"

The crowd was massed in front of the bank, and the cry seemed to have passed unnoticed. The man picked up the bills despite her exclamation and handed them to her. Lillian laughed a sickly little gurgle, saying:

"Perhaps you're not a thief after all—are you?"

"No, I'm not! Are you?" suggested the man, "I am merely one of the many depositors trying to get a few dollars. But you were more fortunate than I. When I reached the window the cashier pulled it down, saying it was 3 o'clock and too late to draw. Better put that wad out of sight and not tempt the hysterical mob outside," he added.

"That's what I wanted to do, but you won't go away and let me. A woman doesn't have pockets all over her clothes like a man. And, oh, I wish you would go, for I'm so hungry and want to get home! I've stood in that line for nearly three days to get money for the landlord. My, but I hate that man!" she expostulated, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Well, I'll be on my way, and be sure you tuck it safely away in its hiding place. I'll promise not to look back." He laughed and turned on down the street.

Lillian hurriedly slipped the bills in the bosom of her gown and nervously started in the opposite direction toward her little home. Her mother met her at the door, and after some hot luncheon the girl was equal to relating her troubles.

"But, mother, we have the money, and that old Shylock can be paid. I'll take it around to him myself in the morning and just tell him what I think of him," said Lillian, with some satisfaction and a threatening intonation of her voice.

The next morning about 10 o'clock she started for the landlord's office, and as she passed the long line waiting at the bank she thought how fortunate she had been. "Extras" were out saying that no more depositors would be paid.

Arriving at the offices of Payne & Payne on Main street, she entered the snug little reception room and asked for Mr. Payne.

"Which one, ma'am?" asked the office boy at the door.

"Why, the one who owns our house, the cross one," she added by way of further explanation.

The boy seemed to know which man she wanted and disappeared in the inner office. He returned in a few minutes, saying that she might go right in, ushered her to the door and closed it after her.

Once inside, Lillian, blushing to the roots of her red brown hair, found herself confronted by the man who had offered his assistance the day before.

"I am looking for Mr. Payne," she managed to mumble.

"I am Mr. Payne," said he as he proffered her a chair beside the desk. "I'm among my employees I have the reputation of being the 'cross' member of the firm. You see, father is very old and apt to be easy going as to the observance of rules. What can I do for you, Miss Burkhart?"

"I came to pay my rent. Your agent said if it wasn't paid today he would dispossess us. You see, we had money in the bank, but it was tied up, and he wouldn't wait. He said, 'Them's my orders.' Here is the money. Will you give me a receipt, please?"

"I never authorized any agent to say that, Miss Burkhart, and I tell you what I wish you would do. Just put that money back in that mysterious pocket of yours and pay the rent when it is perfectly convenient. I promise that you shall not be bothered by an insolent collector any more. I will call for the rent myself—if I may," he added, with some hesitation. "That collector of mine needs a lesson."

"It would be so nice if I could keep this money to pay the poor tradespeople, if you do not mind. You see, only part of our money is in that bank, and the trust company has closed its doors too. Mother's pension never comes before the 15th," said Lillian by way of explanation.

"Won't you let me drive you home in my sleigh?" Payne asked as she rose to leave. "The streets are rather riotous these days with the howling mob crying for their money." And without waiting for her answer he put on his fur coat that hung on the door. "You have quite persuaded yourself, I hope, that I am not a thief?" he added.

"Oh, Mr. Payne, how can I ever apologize sufficiently for my rudeness and at the same time thank you for your kindness? You know, I was frightfully hungry, and standing in line so long had affected my brain, I fear. I seemed to feel that every one who looked at me wanted to steal that money. And, oh, I'm so delighted to have that sleigh ride!"

He tucked her in the sleigh, and off they started down the busy streets, then on to the outskirts of the village, the longest way home. The ringing sleigh bells, the clear, cold air and the glorious sunlight filled them both with life, and they chatted incessantly for an hour, when they drove up to the little cottage. Mrs. Burkhart waved them a welcome from the window and met Lillian at the door, beaming with pleasure. It took some time to tell the mother how it happened, and the mother was happy because Lillian smiled and went about the house with renewed energies. The landlord was not such a terror after all.

Mr. Payne called several times that month, always insisting that the rent was not yet needed, and his daytime visits generally meant a sleigh ride over the hills and back to the open fire, where they soon grew to be great confidants.

It was the first day of another month, and Mr. Payne called that evening. Yes, he had come to collect the rent this time, he answered as they drew two easy chairs before the fire.

"But mere money won't do," he said slyly as he drew a little nearer to her and took her hand in his. "I want you, little girl, to be my wife. Will you?" he pleaded.

"Are you sure you love me—sure you want me?" she said, with drooping glance and flushed cheeks.

"I am so sure, dear heart, that I want nothing else in all the world but you. And I'll try not to be such a cross husband as I am a landlord. Say 'Yes,' Lillian, and my life shall be yours to do with as you will."

"Yes, surely yes," Lillian murmured as he drew her lovely head to his shoulder and kissed the wavy locks that would slip out of bondage.

Hathorn's Horse Marines.

One of the great practical jokers of the British navy was one Jack Hathorn. He was officer of the watch in the day when it was customary for the guard to present arms to the officer commanding the vessel whenever he left or boarded the ship. One day Captain Burdett remarked as they were going through this ceremony before he went ashore: "Mr. Hathorn, I am tired of this guard. Don't call it again when I come back."

Hathorn did not, but he managed to surprise the captain quite as thoroughly as if he had. When that dignitary came over the side on his return he found twenty of the after guard down on their hands and knees with swabs serving them for manes and tails, the mizzen top men on their backs with cutlasses drawn. Hathorn himself was astride a quartermaster. The captain was distinctly not delighted with the spectacle, whereupon Hathorn explained that he supposed that after the old fashion had proved so tiresome a reception by cavalry might prove welcome. Hathorn was dismissed from the service for this bit of pleasantry.

Sized Him Up Correctly.

The man came into the barber shop, but he wasn't after shave, hair cut or shine. He looked about blankly for a moment and then asked:

"Where's the manicure?"

The boss was out at lunch, and it was the second barber who answered. "She's not here."

He didn't say "She's not here today" or "She's not here any more," just "She's not here."

"Oh," said the man who wanted the manicure rather inconclusively, "that isn't much of an answer." Then suddenly, "You're not the boss here, are you?"

"No, I'm the second barber," replied the other.

"Well, that's what you'll always be," said the inquirer and went out.

"I wonder what he meant by that," said the barber to the man he was shaving. "One of them eccentric fellers, ain't he?"—New York Sun.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palmed It on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career as a newspaper editor in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals"—"doggerel" he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested—those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"—would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freak of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but habitude, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonainie" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and better one on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Major General Stuart, the Dashing Cavalry Leader.

Major General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate cavalry, was a soldier by nature. Dashing and daring, cool in the face of danger, he was one of the brave and picturesque figures of the civil war. H. B. McClellan quotes in "Life and Campaigns of Major General Stuart" from General Fitz-Hugh Lee's impression of the future cavalry leader while he was still at West Point:

"I recall—his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to military duty; erect, soldierly bearing; immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might feel himself in any way aggrieved and a clear, ringing voice."

Stuart was a most cheerful soldier. That "clear" voice of his was often used in singing his favorite war song:

If you want to have a good time,
Jine the cavalry.

His courageous attitude was held until the very end. He was wounded by a pistol on the battlefield. As he was being carried away he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating men.

"Go back!" he called out. "Go back! Do your duty as I have done mine! Go back! I'd rather die than be whipped!"

Those were his last words on the field of battle. Later he said, with the same courage:

"I'm going fast now. God's will be done."

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm not footing it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that!"

"Wh-hat?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"—Bohemian.

Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn out articles which were to be inspected, handed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

Plants That Hate One Another.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

The Judge's Advantage.

"There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession."

"What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it."—Kansas City Independent.

Many a man too late remembers that the unspoken word never starts a quarrel.—Washington Star.

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Priscilla's Philanthropy

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

[Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Read.]

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where Murphy street is?"

It was the fifth time that Priscilla had asked the question that afternoon, but turn and twist as she would at each new jumble of directions she seemed to pierce the clearing house of domestic panics.

"Two blocks back, miss, then three blocks east and"—

Priscilla frowned. She did not wait for the policeman to finish, but, thanking him hastily, retraced her steps with the energy born of despair.

"Is there anything more inhuman on the face of the earth," she put to herself, "than a maid of all work? To think of it—running off the day before New Year's without deigning to invent an excuse even! I wouldn't have thought it of Della after being with us six whole months."

Here she stopped her mental soliloquy long enough to get her bearings and turn east, as directed.

"It wouldn't matter so much if only Gerald Hollister were not coming to dinner. Relatives don't count. Oh, why did I invite him? He's so accustomed to having everything absolutely comme il faut. Catch me letting my symptoms run away with me again just because a man's family happens to be out of town! And he could have asked one whole family over there to dinner and with all his servants never bothered to lift his finger! But that wouldn't occur to him. It's the one thing I don't like about Gerald Hollister, anyway. With all his wealth you never hear about his doing any big, generous thing."

Just here Priscilla's rapid little monologue stopped short.

She suddenly remembered that she had come to the end of her directions. For the sixth time she was about to frame automatically the monotonous inquiry for Murphy street when a bright blue sign of "Female Help" flaunting itself down a side street caught her eye.

Priscilla made a precipitate dash toward it, which ended in an ignominious collision with a corner newsstand. When both had regained their equilibrium, Priscilla, giving her fur boa a careless toss over her shoulder, started a second time toward the garish symbol of her hopes.

This time a plaintive little wail restrained her. Where did it come from? There was not a child in sight. She walked a step or two in the direction of the sound, and there, curled up under the shelter of a newsstand, was a mite of humanity, blue and pinched with the cold.

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Where is your mother? Are you lost?"

But the mite didn't move, only moaned pitifully.

Priscilla looked about perplexed. Seeing a shopkeeper watching her curiously from behind his show window, she beckoned him to come to her.

"Do you know who this child is?" she asked almost accusingly.

"Shure," replied the shopkeeper. "He thinks the shtand and does a smart bisness too."

"But he's only a baby and sick and cold," pleaded Priscilla.

"Oh, he often er-crawls undher ther-re t' git warrum. The men taken their piper-rs just the same an' laves their pennies."

"Where does he live?" demanded Priscilla imperatively.

The man pointed to a dingy looking tenement house next door to the employment office. To his utter amazement, Priscilla stooped down, gathered the whining waif in her arms, wrapped her fur boa around him and walked toward the house with her burden.

From the curious tenants she soon found out which particular door led into the child's home. The key was hanging in a dark corner near by. Once inside, Priscilla laid the child down on a broken, disorderly bed and then shivered as she stood helpless in the gloom and chill of the place.

There was neither fire, fuel nor food. Priscilla knelt down beside the child and, chafed his little cold hands till there was some degree of warmth in them. Then she summoned up her courage, knocked at the door of the adjoining flat and begged the woman who answered to take the child in beside her fire while she herself went out to get food for him.

She had just returned with her arms full of bundles when she bumped into a man in the dark hallway equally incumbered. An avalanche of paper bags followed.

"I beg your pardon," came simultaneously from both.

Then as they stooped to the task of picking up their respective belongings the man ventured an inquiry.

"Can you tell me where the Horrigans live, I wonder?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Priscilla. "I'm a stranger here myself."

The commotion had caused the sudden apparition of several tousled heads from behind half opened doors. In the dim light that flickered out Priscilla stole an inquisitive look at the man beside her.

"Gerald Hollister!" she exclaimed excitedly and in her amazement dropped all her paper bags again.

"Priscilla Ballad!" he exclaimed, and his paper bags followed Priscilla's.

It is quite probable had not the squeaking doors stretched their curiosity a bit too far that Priscilla and Gerald would have spent the rest of the morning dropping and picking up parcels. But Priscilla, catching sight of the woman in whose care she had left her little charge, rushed past her, grabbed up the child and commanded Gerald to follow her.

Imagine Mrs. Horrigan's surprise a half hour or so later, when she came in from her day's cleaning, to find seated by a crackling hot stove, with little Jim in her arms, an "illigant gintleman wid a fur coat at the back iv 'im, and, more than that, shtandin' over 'im, shtirring groel as if her life depended on it, a beautiful young lady with cheeks glowin' like roses."

The woman listened like one spellbound to the explanations that followed, only half comprehending how it was that a gentleman who had become interested in little Jim from buying papers of him night and morning should for that reason be now holding the child in his arms "the all the while," as she afterward told the neighbors, "as if he was Jim's father that's dead, bless his sowl." Nor was Priscilla's part in the fairy story perfectly clear either.

However, there was one thing Mrs. Horrigan grasped with true feminine instinct.

"You was saying you was looking fr some wan to cook yer New Year's dinner for ye tomorrow, miss, an' I was just afther thinkin' if you'd thrust me"—

"Oh, would you help me out, Mrs. Horrigan?" begged Priscilla gratefully.

Until this moment Priscilla in her excitement had forgotten the utter failure of her domestic quest.

"Shure I'll help ye out, miss," returned Mrs. Horrigan, beaming. "Before Pat died an' there was plenty to do wid, I could make th' best things to ate ay any woman yo ivir saw."

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Horrigan," Gerald agreed enthusiastically, "but you can't cook anybody else's New Year's dinner tomorrow. You've got to cook your own. Just look at the things piled up on the table there, and there'll be a fat turkey waddling over tomorrow. Miss Ballad doesn't need you. She and her family are coming to my house to dinner."

"Why, Gerald!" interposed Priscilla mercilessly.

"Yes, you are. I shan't accept any excuse. I entered you on all the time, only I didn't dare ask you. Now, let's get started for home and give Mrs. Horrigan a chance to hold her own child."

As they hurried along in the fast falling darkness outside both looked most remarkably happy, even taking into account that tomorrow was to be New Year's day.

"Oh, I just love that little Jim Horrigan!" Priscilla suddenly exclaimed. "Don't you, Gerald?"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over him. But there's some one else that I do love, Priscilla. What do you say to our anticipating our engagement at dinner tomorrow?"

Gerald beamed under the effulgence of his inspiration and gave Priscilla's hand an ecstatic little squeeze.

"I didn't know we were engaged," demurely commented Priscilla.

"But don't you think we could arrange to be by tomorrow, dearest?"

"Well," answered Priscilla condescendingly, "suppose you come over this evening, and we'll see what we can do about it. It's so very sudden. If I should say 'Yes,' Gerald, would you promise to give little Jim Horrigan a turkey every New Year?"

"Every New Year and birthday and Christmas," promised Gerald indulgently.

And Jim got his turkeys.

Brought Up to It.

A lady engaged a country girl as general servant. One evening the lady asked her if she thought she could manage to poach half a dozen eggs for supper. The girl quickly and laughingly replied that she could do that right enough.

"Very good," said her mistress. "I'll just see what you can do," and went away. Shortly afterward she had occasion to speak to the girl again, but to her great astonishment she was not to be found in the house. Presently she came tripping in with her hat and jacket on, smiling radiantly.

"I've got 'em all right, mum," she said, "half a dozen beauties."

"Half a dozen beauties!" repeated her mistress questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Eggs, mum," she said, smiling.

"But there are plenty of eggs in the house, girl, without buying more," remarked her mistress.

"Lor, mum, I didn't buy 'em," she said. "You told me to poach 'em, and I managed it fine. You see," she added by way of information, "my father and brothers do a bit of poaching, so I knew in a minute what you meant."—London Mail.

Laconic.

"Is the proprietor in?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied the office boy.

"Is he in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he be back soon?"

"No, sir."

"Tonight?"

"No, sir."

"Tomorrow some time?"

"No, sir."

"Did he leave any word for Mr. Nash?"

"No, sir."

The stranger looked at the office boy sharply.

"When did he go?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Didn't he say when he'd be back?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where the dickens is he?"

"At the undertaker's."

"What's the matter?"

"He's dead."—Harper's Weekly.

...CLON.

Africa ... Original Home of This ... Fruit.

The ... always associate the African ... watermelon, coming ... of the colored man for hi... daintily arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon ... grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent. It has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri.

The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge dark green watermelon.

Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in central and South Africa, but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon, and in his preference over every other kind of vegetable or fruit the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence, for in central African ripe watermelons are to be had every month in the year.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HORNET SENTINELS.

It Would Seem That These Insects Keep Guard Over the Nests.

Is a hornets' nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they pooped in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention at least to defend their home. It was always so. A squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sally forth upon alarm. Even at night a few kept near by, and, although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.—Dr. H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

Repartee of the Shop.

"I never was so insulted in my life!" said the girl with the brown eyes indignantly.

"Explain further," was the request.

"Why, you know Fido chewed up the muff to that set of gray furs of mine, and so I went into a shop today to see if I could find a muff that would replace it. I told the clerk what I wanted. He couldn't find anything that would suit, so he called another clerk. This one hunted high and low, he dragged out muffs till they heaped the counter, but he couldn't find one that would match. Finally he called the proprietor, a fat, stuffy man, who came waddling down the aisle and said, 'What is the trouble?'

"'I can't make a match,' I said almost tearfully.

"'Why, that's funny,' he said in a hatefully patronizing manner. 'What's the matter with the men?'"—New York Press.

Michelangelo.

Michelangelo stood in the front rank both as painter and sculptor. In both arts he was worthy of the highest praise. The fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel is considered the most wonderful picture in the world, showing the omnipotence of artistic science and the fiery during of conception that but few other paintings can even approximate. In sculpture the "Moses" and the "Slaves," not to mention other pieces, rank among the finest creations of the art and proclaim Michelangelo to have been as masterful with his chisel as he was with his brush.—New York American.

A Surprise.

Teacher—Freddy Faugle, you may give the German name of the river Danube.

Freddy—Dunie.

Teacher—Donau! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well.

Freddy is surprised, but keeps still.—Exchange.

Jolting the Grandad.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby. Fond Grandfather—I declare! That youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age. Insulted Father—Naturally; he has a great deal brighter father!—Life.

A Mere Painting.

She—Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture. Her Husband—Oh, I thought from the value that it was a hat.—Town and Country.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—Lytton.

Never was good work done without much trouble.—Chinese Proverb.

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LINCOLN'S JOKE.

Fixing the Responsibility For the Loss of Harpers Ferry.

President Lincoln's jokes, especially when perpetrated in connection with grave matters, usually had a purpose in them. After Lee had taken Harpers Ferry the plaintiest, realizing how great a calamity it was to the northern arms, determined if possible to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question, further than to say that he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander in chief and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and "Fighting Joe" made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility.

Then the president assembled the four generals in his room and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harpers Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After striding across the room several times the president suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible!"

"Who, Mr. President; who is it?" asked the distinguished quartet as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen," said the president, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.

SLEEP MYSTERIES.

Tasks Often Performed While the Worker Slumbers.

A psychologist was discussing the miracles of sleep.

"One can become so accustomed," he said, "to a monotonous task that one can fall asleep and still keep on working. This in India there are punka coolies, men who turn a fan all night long in the hot weather while their English masters rest, and it is not uncommon for a punka cooly to acquire the knack of sleeping at his task. On and on he sleeps through the hot, perfumed hours of the Indian night, but his hand mechanically and steadily turns the punka pulley.

"Men have composed great literary works in their sleep. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is the most famous example of this; but, then, Coleridge was a morphinomaniac, and his sleep was scarcely natural. But R. L. Stevenson, Cogelli and Longfellow have also done good work while sleeping.

"Divers sometimes fall asleep deep down in the sea, but some unknown part of their brain keeps watch, and at the proper moment, though asleep, they give the order to be hauled up. This is a good deal like the miracle that happens to all of us—the miracle whereby if we tell ourselves on retiring that we must wake at 7 we invariably do wake at that hour—how or why it is impossible to say. Some part of us watches, works, keeps awake all night, so that at 7 it may call us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Penny For a Priceless Book.

A workingman once purchased for a penny an aged looking volume bearing date of 1510. The man tried to read it, but threw up the attempt apparently in disgust, and the volume was relegated to the cupboard. A friend of his happened to see the book and took it to the British museum authorities, who promptly made an offer of £90, the highest sum the librarian is allowed to expend without a special vote of the trustees. Had the man known what he was about he would have stood out for more, as the authorities would have paid almost any price rather than allow the volume to slip through their fingers. It was, in fact, the first book printed by Gutenberg and was therefore almost priceless.—London Tit-Bits.

Improved on Solomon.

In a certain Sunday school a little girl told the story of Solomon and the disputing mothers in this wise: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, 'tain't; it's mine.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; don't quarrel. Give me my sword, and I'll make twins of him, so you can both have one.'"

At a Disadvantage.

Bacon—Would you call him a good talker?

Egbert—No, I would not.

"How many times have you heard him talk?"

"Only once."

"And when was that?"

"When he was trying to open a car window."—Yonkers Statesman.

Had a Woman to Blame.

"I have had dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles, and my wife stepped on them."

"That's what I call good luck. If I had dropped mine, I should have stepped on them myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Poet Answered.

"Do you know that I was born on the same day Emerson died?"

"Both events being a cruel misfortune to literature."—Bohemian.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—Pope.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. O. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Ending the Honeymoon

By TAYLOR WHITE

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"And so you are your Uncle Dudley's heir!" cried Laura as Dan Fetter folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope. "Isn't that great?"

"It's not much of a fortune," explained Dan. "Just before the failure Uncle Dudley wrote that he had hoped to leave me a lot, but that he was afraid there was precious little left and that was going fast. Two weeks after that the failure came, and he shot himself. Poor Uncle Dud!"

"But there must be something," insisted Laura, "and we can look for the pirate's treasure."

"And look what little there is left," suggested Dan. "That chart was all right to study over in the winter evenings, Laurie, but it's a different thing to sink money in a search for treasure buried 300 years ago off the Argentine coast."

"But this is real," suggested Laura, going to the desk and taking therefrom the well worn parchment which had furnished them amusement for so many long winter evenings. It was well preserved, and Dan could clearly trace the lines and written directions.

This paper had been handed down in the Kingsland family since one of the early Kingslands, a sailor in the British navy, had befriended a member of a pirate crew captured in the Spanish main. Just before the prisoner went to his execution he had slipped into the hand of his benefactor a roll of parchment which had come down through past generations, gaining in romance with each year.

Now the two poured over the old map with renewed interest since there was at least the possibility that they might have the means for prosecuting the search. Dan was inclined to be skeptical, but Laura would not have it so.

"It is a real treasure," she declared. "I know that it is real, and I will never forgive you, Dan, if you don't go after it. Think of the years we have been wishing that we had enough money to fit out an expedition! Now our chance has come, and you're laughing at the idea. You must go, Dan."

"We'll see what Uncle Dudley's fortune is," he temporized. "Will until the estate can be settled."

It was not a long wait. Dudley Fetter had been forced into bankruptcy after a long career as a shipping merchant. The disappointment had so preyed upon his mind that he had killed himself, and the little old lawyer who was at once his counsel, receiver and executor soon disentangled the muddle. Dan found himself owner of a tramp steamer and some $7,000 in money.

He was inclined to sell the steamer, but Laura would not hear of it. She was firm in her faith in the pirate's map, and she at last carried her point through, only after she had declared that she would break her engagement if Dan did not undertake the trip.

The captain of the Dudley was a weather beaten old man of fifty, whose shrewd eyes twinkled when the subject was broached to him.

"I never heard of 'em that far south," he declared; "but, Lord love yo, there's pirate's gold hidden from the north pole to the south—to hear 'em tell it. It's as likely to be there as anywhere."

"Will $7,000 take us down and back?" demanded the cautious Dan.

Captain Glass removed the pipe from his lips the better to smile.

"Down and back and down again," he asserted. "Anyway, you don't have to worry about getting back. We can easily get a load at Buenos Ayres or Rio to pay the cost of the up trip. It'll make a nice little sail for you, seeing as you've never been to sea. Why not make it a bridal tour? Brides bring luck to ships. Maybe with a bride we could find the gold."

"I know you will!" cried Laura, jumping up to plant a kiss on Dan's cheek. "We'll be married on board the Dudley before she sails."

The last argument was a clincher, and Dan gave in. Ten days later the men were called aft to witness a quiet little wedding, and as the minister went over the side a noisy little tug helped the Dudley get out into the stream, and point her nose to the south.

It was a long, delightful honeymoon to these two, who had never seen the ocean until Dan had come to New York to claim his legacy. They had a day or two of seasickness, but this soon passed, and after that, as they slipped over the blue waters, Laura's confidence in the quest grew amazingly. Even Dan began to share her enthusiasm long before they had crossed the equator.

At last the course was altered, and the Dudley headed inland until the black, forbidding cliffs loomed darkly before them. It was no easy matter to pick their way through uncharted channels, but at last the steamer slipped into a little bay, and Captain Glass declared it to be the spot shown in the map.

Here the rocks did not come sharply down to the water's edge, but ran inland, forming a sheltered nook of some few hundred acres in extent. The two huge rocks which marked the entrance to the bay and a peak of the distant spur of the Andes formed their range marks, and as soon as they had put up tents on shore Dan, who had studied civil engineering, got out his transit and began to lay off the lines.

The cross marks fell near the base of the cliff where the tides were more precipitous than elsewhere, and for two days the men from the steamer labored to clear away the underbrush.

"We shall have to dig deep," remarked Laura. "There must have been a heavy deposit of earth during the 300 years that have elapsed."

"We'll dig through to China if necessary," declared Dan as he watched the main work. In anticipation of the digging some laborers had been brought along, and for ten hours a day they took out the sandy loam. At the end of three weeks they had a huge hole in the ground, but there was no trace of treasure chests, and Dan and the captain began to lose faith, even though Laura grew more confident as the days progressed.

"We'll get it yet," she insisted. "Just keep digging and the honeymoon fortune hunters will sail back to New York with millions."

"I'll dig one more day," promised Dan, "and then we must be getting back. The provisions are getting low, and we are only losing time."

Laura pleaded, but Dan was firm, and that night she sobbed softly in the tent while as though in sympathy the heavens opened their floodgates and the rain poured down. It was the first rain of the season, and had it not been for Captain Glass' precaution in ditching the tents they must have been swept away by the flood that poured across the little strip of land.

It was a melancholy scene that greeted their eyes as the sun rose the next morning. The underbrush was washed away, and as they made a path to the excavation a cry burst from their lips. The water had undermined the banks, and in place of the hole was a sea of mud.

"That's the answer," said Dan grimly, as he pointed to the spot. "There's the work of six weeks gone for nothing."

"But look across," said Laura, pointing to the cliff, where now a narrow hole, uncovered by the landslide, made itself apparent. "Perhaps that is it."

Carefully skirting the excavation, Dan and the captain gingerly made their way across to the cavity and with a wave of their hands disappeared. It was two hours before they returned, and then Dan came running out with a cry of triumph.

"It was a gold mine, not buried treasure, that the old pirate was talking about," he explained breathlessly. "It is one of the richest mines in the country."

Laura smiled into the eager face. "I knew it would come out all right," she said. "It just had to be the end of the honeymoon."

Sense of Smell.

It is said that the sense of smell is better developed in men than in women. In human beings, however, it is but slightly developed as compared with the lower animals. The reason for this becomes apparent when the structure of the skull of a dog or a cat is examined. Observing the nasal passages of either of these creatures, it is found that the so called turbinated bones are twisted and folded in a complicated fashion, so as to make a great extent of surface in a small space. The interior of the labyrinth thus formed is lined with the mucous membrane that contains the extremities of the nerves of smell. A section through the turbinated bones of a bear, which has a particularly keen sense of smell, resembles a honeycomb. In a human being the turbinated bones are poorly developed, so that the surface of mucous membrane is comparatively small. The sense of smell is particularly acute in some fishes, as the sharks. The olfactory membrane of a big shark, if spread out, would cover a dozen square feet.

A Tragedy of Niagara.

The story of Niagara is full of strange tragedies. One of the most dramatic of them is as follows: A hundred yards above the brink of the American falls a rock ten feet square projects for a foot above the water in midstream. One morning the inhabitants awoke and saw a man sitting on it. The noise of the rapids prevented verbal communication. They did not, do not and never will know how he got there. He stayed there thirty-six hours. The people telegraphed to Buffalo, and the railway company sent one excursion train after another for thirty-six hours to see the man on the rock. The painted signs and stuck them up for the man to read, saying, "We will save you." Two hundred yards above there is a bridge. From this by ropes they floated rafts with provisions to him. At the end of his stay a big raft came for him to get on. What they were going to do with him if they got him in this seething rapid is not known. He tried and failed and went over the fall, and that is all.

Tombs as Dwellings.

It is surprising to strangers to find Egyptian families occupying some of the tombs which have been excavated and abandoned. It seems uncanny to see babies playing cheerfully about the doors of the tomb houses and to watch chickens running in and out as they do at the mud dwellings. When questioned about the tombs a dragoman said that those occupied as homes had been tombs of ordinary citizens of no value as show places for tourists. As some of them have several rooms extending into the rock and as they are cool in the hottest days of summer and warm in the cool days of winter, they are altogether desirable as homes. The Egyptians do not share the horror of dead bodies felt by Europeans. Children run about with pieces of mummies, and if they cannot dispose of them to tourists they play with them. A mummified foot or hand is so common in Luxor that one may be purchased for a few cents.—Leslie's Weekly.

WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Breed For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a frost more before morning was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "daby" for serious consideration.

On the approach of spring some of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vanessids. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the crysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warman in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he expended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government, back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village is south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"'You admit that the whistle blew?' I sternly demanded of the witness.

"'Oh, yes; it blew.'

"'Now,' I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

"'I suppose so,' said the witness.

"'Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?'

"'I presume,' replied the witness, with great deliberation, 'that the whistle was for the next man on the track.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Summary Conversion.

Hawaiians all became Christians through the simple process of an edict—kapoo—of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Hawaiians were from that moment Christians. As he added that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.—New York World.



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Executor's Notice.

Estate of Thomas F. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney,
or M. SARAH RICHMOND, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., January 26th, 1908.

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BRADFORD, PA.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 149, Oct. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Norma Davis did, on the 1st day of August, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Abram L. Davis.

We therefore command you, the said Abram L. Davis, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Norma Davis and show cause, if any you have, why the said Norma, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.
Gorton & Richmond, Lieutenant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 216, Oct. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Harry M. Camp did, on the 30th of August, 1907, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Mattie Camp.

We therefore command you, the said Mattie Camp, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Harry M. Camp and show cause, if any you have, why the said Harry M. Camp, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided, Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.
E. H. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 223, October Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Jennie M. Allen did, on the 3rd day of September 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William H. Allen.

We therefore command you, the said William H. Allen that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Jennie M. Allen and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jennie M. Allen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.
C. W. Catlin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 220, Oct. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lora Wilson did, on the 3rd of September, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry Wilson.

We therefore command you, the said Harry Wilson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Lora Wilson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lora Wilson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.
C. W. Catlin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, Oct. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Phoebe Campbell did, on the 3rd day of June, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Campbell.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Campbell that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Phoebe Campbell and show cause, if any you have, why the said Phoebe Campbell your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.
Brown & Schoonmaker, Libellant's Attys.

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